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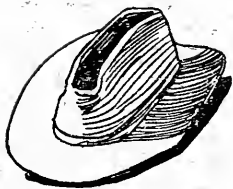
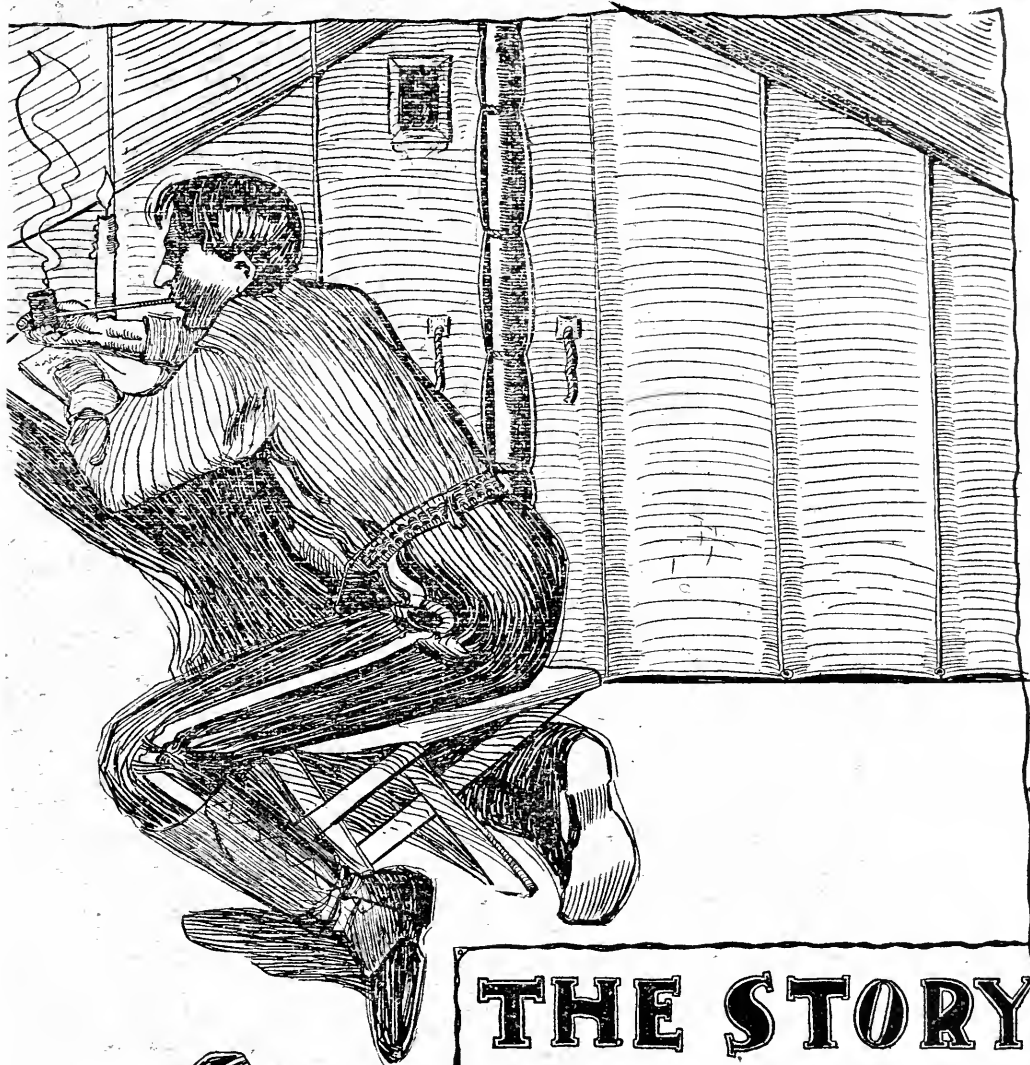
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Book 1411



THE STORY



THE 49TH

JAMES E. WHIPPLE.

THE STORY
of the
FORTY-NINTH.



Written by
Captain J. E. Whipple,
Late Sergeant Co. G, 49th, Iowa, U. S. Vol. Inf.

With Pictures by
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Vinton, Iowa, 1903.

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting "The Story of The Forty-ninth" to the public I have only endeavored to give some of my recollections and not a history of the regiment. My point of view was from the ranks, and the things of which I have written are naturally those experienced by the enlisted man.

Of the enlisted men of the regiment a volume could be written. They were from every grade and class of our citizenship. Army life in the ranks is a great leveler. The hod carrier and the banker slept under the same blanket. The well digger and the preacher touched elbows and shared each others troubles and pleasures. The day laborer and the lawyer were partners in games of cinch, while the farm hand and the doctor ran the guard lines together. There were enough men of every profession, line of business or occupation to supply any community. It is said that the wealthiest man in the regiment was the colonel, and the next in line with this world's goods was a high private. It must be admitted that the enlisted men of the Forty-ninth were able to "make good" under all conditions or circumstances.

The officers of the regiment were in every respect fitted to command such men. For the most part it was their chief aim to care for their men, and by their own example set the standard for soldierly conduct.

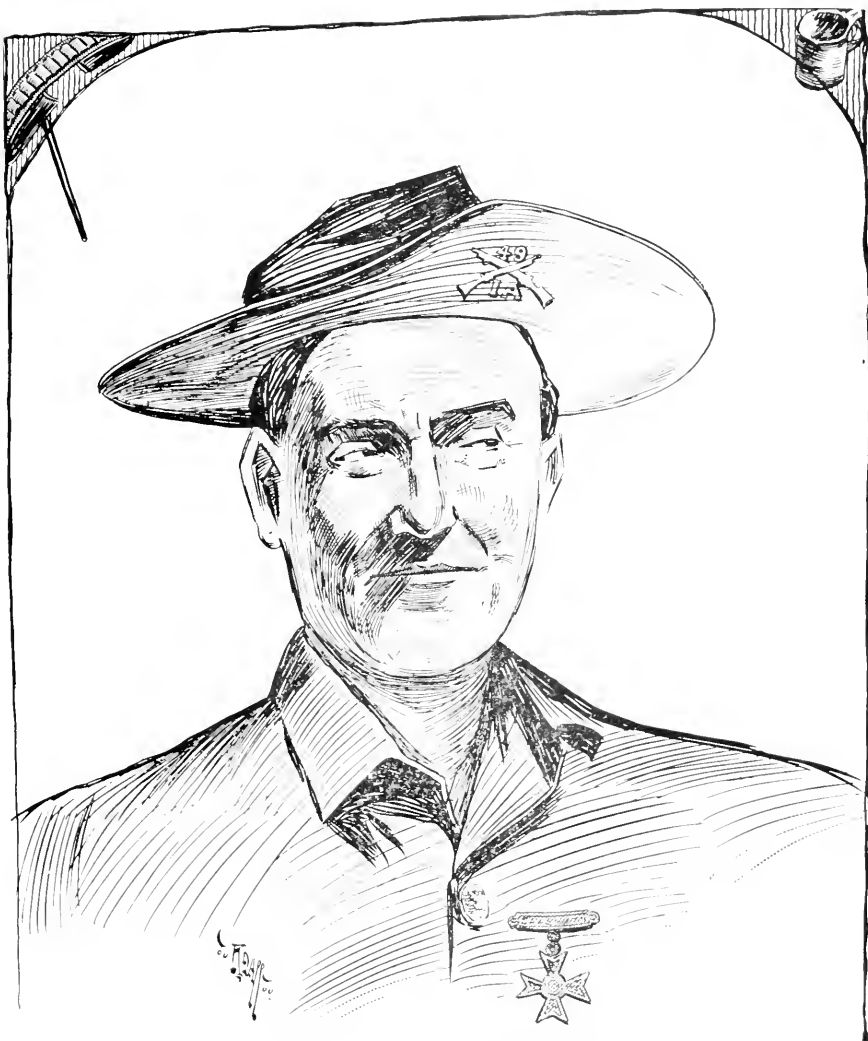
The author desires to express his thanks for kindly assistance rendered by many, and especially to Lieut. Frank M. Haradon, of Co. H, and Private Joseph H. Allen, of Co. F, for a number of the plates used in illustrating this humble work. Colonel Dows, Lieut. Nattlinger, Serg't. W. E. Bickel and The Times-Citizen-Union, of Jacksonville, Fla., are also entitled to credit for favors shown.

He who looks for literary merit in this book will waste his time. If my former comrades read its pages with any degree of interest then I shall be satisfied.

J. E. WHITTLE.

Vinton, January 5, 1903.

To those three most potent forces in maintaining
the safety and integrity of our country, the American
Volunteer, the Soldier's Mother, and the Army Nurse,
are these lines gratefully dedicated.



THE VOLUNTEER.



THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.



THE NURSE.



CHAPTER I.

Preparations for War—Called Out—The Parting and Departure—At Camp McKinley.

A third of a century had elapsed after the close of the civil war before the United States was called on to show her power, and then her strength was scarcely tested much less exhausted. In fact the Spanish war, in which the 49th Iowa Volunteer Infantry was enlisted, was a tame affair when compared with the gigantic struggle of the sixties. It is not news to my readers that great excitement existed throughout the country following the blowing up of the battleship Maine, for that lamented affair occurred only four and a half years ago. During those two months, before war was declared, there was a very great deal of criticism because of the apparent slowness of the authorities and their desire to avoid war. The failure of the president to spit fire, or even to talk "sasssy," caused many very worthy gentlemen in private life to tell what they would do if they were running things. However the president and his advisors

were not idle by any means. During those two months they were quietly, but rapidly, getting things in shape for business. The declaration of war came and the president made requisition on the governors of the various states for a total of 125,000 men, for two years, or until the war should end.

Then it was that the members of the First Regiment, Iowa National Guard, afterwards the Forty-ninth Iowa Vols., began to get busy. The twelve companies, composing the regiment, were at their armories all day on Monday, April 25th, anxiously awaiting the expected orders to go to the rendezvous at Des Moines. Men who had never taken the slightest interest in the home military companies, and never given any attention to them except to occasionally call them tin soldiers, now heartily applauded them and called them "Bully Boys," both words accented.

The company commanders received

orders on the night of the 25th to report at once. Then it was that the steam whistles sounded and the bells rang, and thousands of people tumbled out of bed to see the boys start. It is a never-to-be forgotten night and the scenes which I witnessed at Vinton were undoubtedly the same that were enacted in every town that furnished a company. Cheers there were in plenty, and tears too. The mothers and fathers were there—every father proud that he could give a son to the service of his country, and every mother proud, too, only her heart strings vibrated nigh unto breaking. Here and there a man left a wife; brave, splendid women! Here and there were to be seen a little bronze button in the lapel of men whose forms were more erect than usual, and whose eyes were aglint with the fires of long ago.

But I must not dwell too long on the good byes that were said, or the tears that were shed. I must proceed with the story of the 49th. That regiment, together with the other three regiments of the state, was encamped on the state fair grounds before the close of the 26th. The first detachment to arrive was composed of companies C, F, G and K of the 49th, under command of Colonel Dows. The regiment was quartered in the six horse barns on the east side of the race track. Thus two companies occupied each barn. A driveway extended through each of these barns, with ten box stalls on either side. This cluster of buildings was the home of the regiment for nearly seven weeks. During these seven weeks we learned many things that we didn't know before. Some of the boys thought

they knew all about soldiering, but they found, ere their service of thirteen months expired, that there were a few other things besides executing "fours right."

Before proceeding further it will be proper to give a list of the field and staff officers, and also the locations of the companies and the names of thier officers as they were at this time.

Field and staff: Colonel, W. G. Dows, Cedar Rapids; Lieut. Col., vacancy; Majors, C. D. Ham, Dubuque, S. E. Clapp, Toledo. and B. F. Blocklinger, Dubuque; Reg't. Adj't, Capt. J. C. McCollum, Clinton; Bat. Adj'ts, A. M. Jaeggi, Dubuque, and E. E. Reed, Monticello; Inspector of Small Arms; Practice, Capt. W. H. Thrift, Dubuque; Quartermaster, Lieut. F. W. Woodring, Waverly; Commissary of Subsistence, Lieut. C. S. Goodwin, Vinton; Surgeons, Major A. L. Wright, Carroll; Capt. J. R. Guthrie, Dubuque, and Capt. E. L. Martindale, Clinton; Chaplain, Capt. Thomas E. Green, Cedar Rapids.

Company A, Dubuque; Captain Willard M. Flinn; First Lieut. Jacob Ballow; Second Lieut. C. J. Stewart.

Company B, Waterloo; Captain F. R. Fisher; First Lieut. C. W. Cotton; Second Lieut. J. A. Gurry.

Company C, Cedar Rapids: Captain George A. Evans; First Lieut. H. J. Sugru; Second Lieut. A. U. Machemer.

Company D, Charles City: Captain C. B. Roziene; First Lieut. C. A. Danforth; Second Lieut. D. W. Fowler.

Company E, Independence: Captain H. A. Allen; First Lieut. M. B. O'Brien

Second Lieut. R. P. Snow.

Company F, Tipton: Captain L. J. Rowell; First Lieut. F. H. Gunsolas; Second Lieut. J. E. Bartley.

Company G, Vinton: Captain J. F. Traer; First Lieut. C. F. Young; Second Lieut. Guy Kellogg.

Company H, Marshalltown: Captain C. S. Aldrich; First Lieut. B. F. Moffatt.

Company I, Waukon: Captain A. G. Stewart; First Lieut. R. A. Nichols.

Company K, Toledo: Captain H. G. Ross; First Lieut. P. W. McRoberts.

Company L, Clinton: Captain C. L. Root; First Lieut. F. L. Holleran; Second Lieut. Geo. Michelson.

Company M, Maquoketa: Captain E. C. Johnson; Second Lieut. G. M. Johnson.

Each company consisted of about forty five men. The companies were soon recruited until the barns were overflowing with as noisy a set of youngsters as ever lived. Every recruit met with a vociferous greeting when he entered Camp McKinley. The fact that he was a "rooky" was impressed upon his mind until every particle of self importance vanished, and he became properly submissive. The evolutions of military drill was to him a sealed book, and he couldn't have told the difference between "fours right" and "balance all," although generally he was well versed in the latter accomplishment.

One day a young man appeared in camp and was assigned quarters with a half dozen young fellows, one of whom wore the chevrons of a corporal. Now this youth believed that persons having

military rank were exalted indeed, but he knew nothing about the difference between a non-com. and a brigadier. One of his new bunk mates seeing this, told him that he would give him all the information that lay in his power, and that was not a little. He told the rooky that he was frequently consulted by Col. Dows and Gen. Lincoln on important matters.

The rooky felt that the troubles, he had been anticipating, were over, and congratulated himself that he had fallen into the hands of one who could post him fully. He assured his new friend that he appreciated his kindness in offering to teach him and said, "Now that I am here what is expected of me, what am I to do."

"Well," said the instructor, "you must be careful of your actions towards the corporals and sergeants. You saw that man with chevrons on his arms, did you not, the one who went out just after you came in."

The rooky assured him that he "saw the fellow but did not notice him particularly." "That man" continued the good fairy "is not a fellow; he is a corporal, and you will not be here long until you will notice him all right. In fact the army regulations require that for one week after joining you must salute a corporal or a sergeant when you meet one. Whenever this corporal, who is quartered with us comes into the stall here you must immediately rise to your feet, salute and remain standing, your arms hanging at your side and your eyes straight to the front."

"How long must I stand that way" said the recruit, anxiously. "O, you are to stand in that position until he gives you permission to be seated. I don't think he will require you to stand more than two-thirds of the time."

The recruit received a lot of other information along the same line, among which was the assurance that "these fellows you see around camp with things on their shoulders that look like banana peels are waiters. They are hired by the government to polish the boys' shoes and to do a thousand things you may want done. Some of them are a little haughty and need calling down frequently. Talk right up to them and they will soon learn their places." But the rookies were not rookies long. In a very short time they were the principal characters in the initiatory team.

The state fair grounds had become Camp McKinley, and the troops present consisted of the four regiments of Iowa national guards, all under command of Gen. J. R. Lincoln. Thousands of people visited the camp and drill grounds every day. On Sundays excursion trains were run from different parts of the state and on these days the size of the crowd ranged as high as twenty thousand. To the onlooker it seemed that the boys in blue were having a continuous picnic. Had the onlooker taken a few whiffs at the daily drills of four hours, besides the many other duties, he would have felt differently about the matter.

The forenoon was devoted to battalion drills, while brigade and regimental drills was the order for afternoons. There was no fun in these drills but they

resulted in great benefit to both officers and men. These drills, and the outdoor life, tanned the skin, hardened the muscles, and, together with the army diet, fitted us for the life we were soon to experience in the Florida climate. The records will show that the men who had the benefit of the training at Camp McKinley withstood the fearful scourge of typhoid, that invaded the camps at Jacksonville, better than did those who joined the regiment after its removal to the south. Those who joined the regiment at Jacksonville, under the second call, constituted about one-third of its force when its ranks were full. Yet of all who died half were from this smaller number who did not have the benefit of the training at Des Moines.

One thing that attracted attention every day was the large number of young girls about the camp. Many of them were anxious to make a "mash" on a soldier boy, and, in the language of the street, the boys were generally there with the goods. Many of these girls were very young and evidently of respectable families. Most of them should have been turned over the maternal knee and exercised with a broad carpet slipper in the good old fashioned way. Had this been done, or had the parents kept better tab on the giggling misses some of them would have had less trouble a little later. Certain organizations in Des Moines, composed of women, would have saved themselves the trouble of adopting resolutions denouncing the soldiers for things which, primarily, was the fault of many of the parents of the capital city.

Scarcely had we got settled in our quarters when the question of getting four regiments accepted, when but three were called for, came up to bother us. It was made known that it would be necessary to either send one regiment home, or else disband it and let its members join the other three regiments. Neither regiment would consent to disband, nor did either want to go home. Finally it was decided that the junior regiment should go home and wait for the second call, should there be one. It was reasoned, by those in authority, that our regiment was the junior regiment because our colonel was junior to the other three, his commission having later date than theirs. This reasoning, was in accordance with military usages, although we wouldn't admit it then, for every man was boiling over in his anxiety to get to the front. The telegraph wires were worked, and a number of influential men from northeastern Iowa were soon on the ground. There was a hot time, in certain spots, in the old town of Des Moines. After two or three conferences with the state authorities it was decided to send a telegram to the Iowa congressional delegation, asking that the order be changed so that four regiments be accepted instead of three. This plan solved the problem as was shown by a telegram, received April 30, 1898. As this whole affair was an important event in our history, the telegram, which carried the intelligence of our salvation, should be given here. It is as follows:

"GOVERNOR OF IOWA.—Your apportionment is three regiments of infantry and

two light batteries, total maximum strength of all grades, commissioned and non-commissioned and enlisted of 3,328. I now authorize this changed to four regiments of infantry each composed of eighteen field, staff and non commissioned staff officers, twelve companies, each composed of three officers and sixty-five enlisted men; total aggregate strength of all grades 3,336 and no more."

R. A. ALGER,

Secretary of War.

Notice was immediately sent out to camp. It is needless to say that the good news was received with many hearty cheers

Quinine has ever been an important article for army consumption. Our first introduction to it was on the night of May 4th. It was a cold night and the boys suffered much, but they did not suffer in silence. Silence may be golden under certain conditions, but it is not a striking characteristic of American soldiers, especially when they feel like kicking about something. They grumbled about the cold and longed for feather beds. The surgeons feared that an epidemic of malaria might invade the camp. So they sent for the first sergeants, and gave each a supply of quinine, in capsules, with instructions to give each man in the regiment a capsule. Directly each sergeant appeared in his company's quarters, waked the boys up for most of them had gone to sleep by this time, (midnight,) and giving each a quinine capsule, said: "Here, swallow this, it will warm you up."

The scheme worked, and nearly every man took his medicine like a little man.

Then they began to realize that they had done something that they would rather not do. They "warmed up" all right. A kick was made, but of course it did no good. All sorts of remarks were indulged in, and one fellow was heard to say: "The next time I join the army it will be of the salvation variety and I am going to carry a big drum."

The next day after the quinine episode the ladies of Des Moines gave the regiment a big dinner. If there is anything, above all others, that a healthy soldier is particularly strong at it is in eating a good dinner. Pie and chicken took the taste of quinine out of our mouths, and contentment and good nature once more held full sway.

On the day following the big dinner Governor Shaw, accompanied by his staff, reviewed the four regiments, on the plain between camp and the city. It is a very pretty ceremony, and one that a person would rather witness than participate in, especially if the flies are bad.

Once, since the war, and at a review of the regiment since it has again become a national guard affair, I suffered untold agony because of one of these pests. The regiment was in line and my company was on the extreme left. I was standing in front, at attention, my sword at an order and my eyes straight to the front.

Just as the governor, and accompanying officers, started towards the right and thence to ride slowly down the front of the long line, a fly planted itself on my nose.

Now, my nasal appurtenance is not of the inconspicuous kind; and it is sensitive, not only to the amused smile that accompanies the glance of the eye, which never fails to linger when once it comes within range of the vision of any stranger, but it also is sensitive to touch, exceedingly so. Now this fly was not of a timid nature or retiring disposition. Not on your life, it wasn't. Its nature was of the inquisitive sort, being a lady fly, undoubtedly, and its aggressiveness was very pronounced, it being of the strenuous school.

My, how that fly did dig! And the governor twenty platoons away, his eye taking in the blue uniforms and glistening brasses, while he secretly prayed that his horse would shy neither to the right nor to the left. I could not brush the confounded fly off with my hand for the white glove would have attracted the attention of every one of the five thousand spectators, it seemed to me.

Why don't the governor hurry; why don't his horse run off with him; anything, so this fly will vamouse." But no, the governor lingered, and the infernal fly got in its deadly work. But there is an end to all things, and, just as reason was tottering on her throne, the chief executive appeared, and the fly transferred its attention to a fat and docile looking staff officer.

One of the most interesting and pleasant incidents, of the period spent in Camp McKinlev, was the living flag, which was given on May 19th. It took thirteen hundred school children to compose the flag. A stand was erected on

the ground, just inside the track, that looked like the bleacher seats at a base ball game. The children were seated there in thirteen rows, those on one row being dressed in white, the next in red, and so on the whole width of the stand. In the upper left hand corner the children were all dressed in blue. Large stars, made of pastboard, were held in place by children. It was a very inspiring sight, and one not soon to be forgotten. All four regiments were out and passed the stand in salute to the flag. At a given signal every child drew a small flag from hiding and waved it energetically.

On the morning of May 21st the 50th regiment (formerly the 2nd) left for the south, their destination being Tampa, Florida, although it went to Jacksonville, having received orders to that effect while enroute. The 49th escorted one battalion (Major Moffit's) to the train, which they embarked amid the cheers of our fellows.

The question that was discussed every day was about our probable destination, for no one doubted that we would move. One could hear all kinds of news (?) regarding the matter. One report was

that we were going to the mountains of Tennessee, the next to New Orleans, another to Chickamauga. Scarcely had these reports become well circulated when came the word that we would leave within a few days for Washington, D. C. This gave way to the report, said to be absolutely true, that we would go to San Francisco, thence to Manila. Of course none of these rumors had any foundation, except that there was some reason for believing that we would go to San Francisco.

Some ladies, members of the Women's Relief Corps, I think, presented the regiment with a fine flag on May 16th. The process of physical examinations went forward as fast as possible. About thirty per cent, of those who enlisted, were rejected by the examining board, chief of which was a regular army surgeon. Some of those who were first rejected were examined a second time and passed

In order to prevent confusion in after years it was decided to change the numbers of the regiments, beginning one number above the highest in the civil war. As this was the 48th, our regiment became the 49th when mustered in.

CHAPTER II.

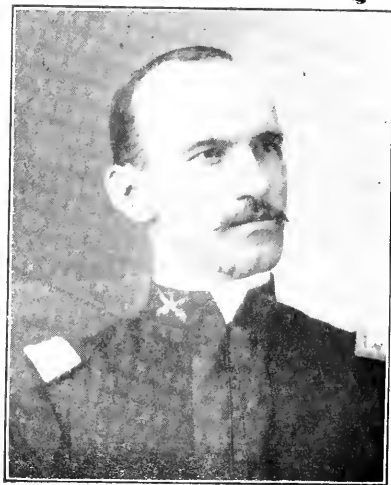
Mustered In—Enroute to the South—Camp Cuba Libre— A Day at St. Augustine.

June 2, 1898, will always be remembered as the day on which we became Uncle Sam's soldiers, that being the day of muster-in. The place was one of the large pavilions on the grounds, the mustering officer being Captain J. A. Olmsted, of the regular army. Each company was mustered separately. After each man had answered to his name, as it appeared on the muster roll, everyone, with up lifted hand took the oath that made us the Forty-ninth Iowa U. S. Infantry. June 4th was the first pay day with us. The pay was from the state and covered the time from the day of our enlistment to the day of muster-in. The manner of paying off, on this occasion, was different from that practiced by United States paymasters. The money was placed in small envelopes, on which was written the name of the man to whom the money in each belonged. It took about \$20,000 to pay the regiment.

On June 9th orders came directing the regiment to proceed to Jacksonville, Florida, and there to report to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Arrangements were made to leave two days later. The First battalion, field, staff and band, under command of Col. Dows, went over the Chicago & Milwaukee, the Second battalion, under command of Major Blocklinger, went over the Great Western, and the Third battalion, Major Fisher, went over the Wabash. The experiences of the three sections were similar, doubtless. As I was with the Second battalion I will give only my observations while enroute. The baggage was nearly all packed on the 10th. Early on the morning of the 11th a number of large furniture vans, (one for each company) appeared and were soon loaded and started for the trains. The officers and men went aboard at points near the old camp. While there had been a general desire to leave, and, on this morning, there was a



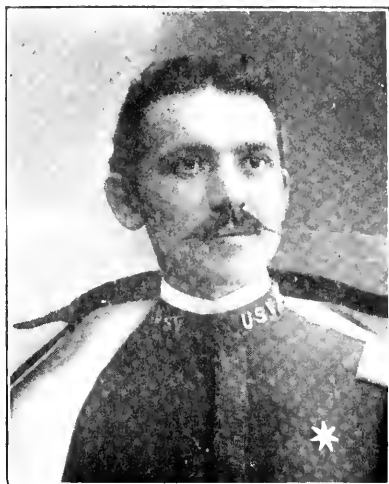
COLONEL DOWS.



MAJOR B. F. BLOCKLINGER.



MAJOR S. E. CLAPP.



CAPT, A. M. JAEGGI, ADJ'T.



LIEUT. C. J. STEWART, COMPANY A.



CAPT. A. G. STEWART, COMPANY I.



SERG'T A. M. STEWART, COMPANY I.
(Died at Jacksonville.)

fever of excitement manifest in every countenance, everybody bade farewell to Camp McKinley with some regret. For almost seven weeks it had been our home and we had become attached to the place. As ours was the last regiment to leave thousands of people, from the city, were on hands to see us off. If I remember aright we left Des Moines about ten o'clock and started on our long trip to Jacksonville. Very few of us had ever been so far south and we were all anxious to see the country.

This 11th day of June is one long to be remembered. The people all along the route knew that the battalion would be taken over the Great Western on this day and many of them were at the stations as we went by. The first stop made for any length of time, was at Waterloo. It was told us that the good people of that city had a feast ready for us. Waterloo was the home of company B, Vinton and Independence, which had furnished companies G and E, were located less than 30 miles distant. When we arrived at Waterloo and disembarked we found what appeared to be the people of the greater part of three counties ready to welcome us. The feast, which we had been looking forward to with such pleasure, was beyond our expectations in variety, quantity and quality. When the dinner was over opportunity was given the boys to say goodbye to their friends. Of course it was a sad parting for many, and for some it was a last parting.

Leaving Waterloo we proceeded eastward, making several stops before passing beyond the borders of the state. At every town were crowds of people to bid us Godspeed. At about nine o'clock we

reached Dubuque. A fine lunch was furnished by the people of Dubuque, and was served to us on the cars by a large number of beautiful ladies. We left Dubuque about 11 o'clock, and before midnight all were fast asleep in their berths. We entered Chicago at an early hour Sunday morning. From the time we entered the suburbs on the west, until we left the great city to the south, over the Illinois Central railroad, at 10 o'clock, we received much attention in the way of cheers and by the waving of flags and the like.

It is impossible to describe in detail the manner in which we were received by the people of Illinois, as we passed through their beautiful towns and villages. It being Sunday the people were out in great numbers. Even in the country, where the wagon roads crossed the railroad tracks, were to be seen many people, for they seemed to know that a train load of soldiers was to pass. Our experiences all the way through the state of Lincoln and Grant was the same as that which we had the day before in Iowa. There were flowers and flags, and flags and flowers on every side. Most of the boys did a land office business something after this manner. A fellow would receive a large bouquet with some girl's name attached. This he would divide into several smaller ones, to each of which he would attach his name and address and a request that the girl receiving it would write to him. At the next town he would distribute them among the many girls who were sure to be on the platform. By this means a correspondence was started between our boys and several regiments of

girls in Illinois. Some of the boys kept up the correspondence and I know of several cases where marriage resulted after the close of the war.

We had dinner at Champaign and supper at Centralia. We carried travel rations with us but got coffee at different points along the route. We went to bed in Southern Illinois and waked up on the morning of the 13th in Southern Tennessee. The change in the appearance of the country was very striking. The land seemed very poor and the inhabitants suited the country. Instead of the waving corn and great fields of oats and wheat, that we had been used to, we saw cotton, and very little else in the way of crops. We saw no fine pasture lands with sleek Shorthorns grazing thereon. About the only live stock in sight was an occasional mule.

We took breakfast this morning at Holly Springs, Miss. At this place some of the boys went to the railroad lunch counter to get some provender. The proprietor saw an opportunity to make a stake and charged about two prices. His experiences during the next few minutes made him a sadder, though very much wiser, man. Some of the boys payed what the food was worth, while others compromised the matter by paying nothing.

From Holly Springs we proceeded through the northern part of Mississippi and Alabama. There were few white people and they were somewhat shy. In Illinois and Iowa we saw flags everywhere. I do not remember seeing a single flag in either Tennessee or Mississippi, and very few in Alabama and Georgia. One of the boys gave a small

flag to a twelve-year-old boy, who was greatly pleased to get it, and said that he had never seen one until the soldiers came along. Birmingham, Ala., was the best city of the south we saw on the route, and it was at this point that we received the most cordial reception accorded us south of the Ohio. After leaving Birmingham the country improved somewhat, although it soon became night and we did not see much. Next morning we stopped at Lumber City, a small town in Georgia. A large saw mill was located here. A dismal country surrounded the town.

While here I talked with an old man, who was a typical southerner. He was eighty years old and had always lived in that county. He said that he had seen a great deal of the world, however, as he had been in the Mexican war, and was a quartermaster in the Confederate army. He was proud of his county and actually thought that he lived in the garden spot of the universe. I asked him what land was worth there.

"Well sah," said he, "right heah near town it is wo'th fo'h dollahs an acre, sah; but you all kin go back into the country, sah, and buy it foh a dollah and a half, sah."

I half suspected that the old fellow was a land agent and sprung the price about four hundred per cent.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon of this day, June 14, we arrived at Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville. As our camp was but a short distance from the railroad tracks we were not long in getting there. As soon as a number of pine trees, were removed, the tents were duly installed as a part of the

camp. At this time there were nine regiments there including the 49th. This force constituted the Second division of the Seventh army corps. We were assigned to the Third brigade, the other two regiments thereof being the Second and Fourth Virginia.

Iowa had two regiments, Illinois two, Virginia two, and Wisconsin, New Jersey and North Carolina one each. It was admitted by everybody that the 49th was the best equipped regiment in the camp. All of us had good, clean clothing, and what was better, money. While at Des Moines we had kicked because we were not sent to the front sooner. We now realized the wisdom shown by

Gov. Shaw in not allowing us to leave until we were in shape and had been paid off. Troops from other states had not received a cent of pay, and most were poorly equipwed with clothing etc. The tents which we used were poor, being the ones which the national guard of Iowa had used for years.

We were crowded at the beginning, and were even more so when the recruits began to arrive, which they did in about two weeks. The condition of our tentage and the hot weather made our surroundings somewhat unpleasant. However the resourcefulness of American boys is well known, and it was not long until we were pretty well fixed.

CHAPTER III.

America's Oldest City and It's Many Interesting Points— About the Negro.

One of the most popular places to visit was St. Augustine, which was distant from Jacksonville about thirty-five miles. Excursions were run to that city on Sundays, and large numbers of soldiers took advantage of the opportunity to visit the oldest town in the United States.

Arriving there one day in July, four of us chartered a sail boat and its darky owner and proceeded to the north beach, where we put in an hour or more hunting shells and bathing. While here we saw our first porpoises. They were four or five feet long. One of them got into a narrow strip of water at high tide and couldn't get out at low tide. About fifty yelling, young soldiers, dressed in natures uniform, tried to catch him. They did not do so, though several of the boys had hold of him. He was as slippery as an eel.

We returned to the city and had dinner, after which we took in the different points of interest, plaza and monuments old city gates, cathedral and Presby-

terian church, old slave market, old Fort Marion, sea walls, oldest house in America, Dade monument and St Francis barracks. The plaza is simply a small park, with a Confederate monument and an old Spanish monument. The inscriptions on the latter were in the Spanish language so I could not tell what they signified. The natives could not tell us: at least all of whom we made inquiries did not know. They were evidently too tired to take the trouble to investigate the matter. A more blunt spoken person than myself would call it pure laziness.

The city gates are of stone and show evidence of great age. They are all that remains of the stone wall which once surrounded the town as a protection against the Indians and other enemies of the inhabitants.

The Presbyterian church is a fine modern structure and was erected by a wealthy eastern lady in memory of her daughter, who died early in life. Our intelligent colored driver gravely informed

us that it cost two hundred million dollars. It probably cost about a hundred thousand dollars. However this is as near the truth as one should expect in this historic town.

The old slave market is a pavilion shaped building on the plaza. The block on which the victim stood has been replaced with a fountain. Our driver's grandmother was sold here for a fabulum, which is now forgotten by me.

The most interesting of all the sights is old Fort Marion. It is surrounded by outer stone walls which are fast decaying. Adjoining and surrounding the fort is a deep ditch or moat which was filled with water in times of danger. A drawbridge furnished means of getting into the fort. There are numerous rooms with entrances from the court, through doors, and narrow, iron barred windows, high up on the outside. There are several dungeons: one had been sealed up, perhaps two hundred years or more, by the Spanish. The only opening is from another cell and is only four feet high. When discovered and broken into by the Americans, many years ago, it was found to contain the skeletons of a man and a woman, both chained to the wall; silent and grewsome evidence of Spanish cruelty and inhumanity. A broad, stone stairway leads from the court to the top. The United States occupied it and kept it repaired until a few years ago. When we were there it was in charge of an old ordinance sergeant, who had been in the regular army thirty-eight years.

The building, which was shown by the guides as the oldest house in America, is a queer looking structure in the south part of the city and shows unmis-

takable evidence of the handiwork of modern mechanics. This building, like many other things we saw, is a most glaring humbug.

The Dade monument is in the government cemetery and was erected to commemorate the deeds of the soldiers who lost their lives in the Seminole war. St. Francis barracks are government buildings occupied by regular soldiers. Only a small guard were there at that time.

Among the interesting features are the narrow streets and old houses. The ordinary street is only about thirty feet wide, while the narrowest street is only seven feet across. There are a few sidewalks three or four feet wide. Generally there no sidewalks. Nearly every street is as smooth as a floor and are made of shells and cement. There are many fine residences, owned principally by northerners who spend their winters there.

We had an opportunity, while in the army, to study the negro at close range. Hardly had we landed in our camp at Jacksonville, when hundreds of negroes swarmed all about the company streets. Nearly all wanted washing to do. Some sold pies and jelly rolls, and such pies and jelly rolls were never seen before, and I do not care to see any more of the same kind. Notwithstanding the utter worthlessness of these alleged articles of food, there were lots of the boys who would buy them. Many of the poorer negroes would hang around the cook shacks at mess time and would beg the refuse from the kitchen. I have even seen them fish out bones from the slop barrels so as to get the bits of meat that still adhered to them. Some of the fel-

lows used to say that they would take these pieces of meat, make them into mince pies, and then come back to camp and sell them. I could never believe this, however.

The southern negro is an entirely different individual from the northern negro. In the south he is to be found on every hand. In numbers he is truly appalling. The northern white man does not appreciate, fully, the importance of negro question. There is such a question in the south and it is ever present. What the solution is to be is more than I am able to tell. We of the north have criticised the whites for their attitude toward the blacks. Personally, I felt that the whites of the south were wholly to blame for the conditions that exist in nearly every part of that section of our country. I have changed my views very materially since the summer of 1898. I do not think the blacks are to blame. Perhaps a large part of the fault lies with whites of another generation. All will admit that a grave mistake was made when the right of franchise was given to the ex-slave so soon after freedom came.

The negro is of three colors, yellow, brown, and black. The yellow is, of course, mulatto, and has more or less of the blood of the proud caucasian coursing through his veins. The best and the worst are the yellow. Most of the leaders, the professional men and business men of the race are unlattos. Some of the yellow women are eminently respectable, especially among the better classes. The houses of ill fame have large numbers of this color.

I doubt if the browns can claim any

white blood, although among children of the same family you may see yellow, brown and, not infrequently, coal black. As a rule the brown negro has fairly regular features and most of them are above the average in point of intelligence.

The real black is the least promising. The ignorance exhibited is something worth thinking about. Thousands of them have no more expression in their countenances than a government mule and that is saying a good deal. They are crafty, and as liars they can give cards and spades to the most accomplished politician that ever straddled a fence.

They are great on religion. The most ignorant among them will gravely explain problems that would have floored Henry Ward Beecher. If these instructions were not instructive, they at least were entertaining to one who cared for amusement. Their preachers are all old men, and as ignorant as the most benighted of them. Just outside of the city of Savannah and near our camp, when we were there, was a little negro hamlet of not more than two hundred inhabitants. Yet they had five preachers and five congregations, three being Methodist churches and two Baptist.

Of course all of the negro churches are not of this kind. In the cities they have some well educated preachers and many fine church buildings. The negroes of Jacksonville have one of the largest and imposing churches to be seen in that city.

Although, in many respects, the presence of the negro is the great drawback to the country, it is doubtful if they could get along without him. He is

about the only common laborer they have.

The social relations of the two races are far different there from what they are anywhere else on earth. In returning to the regiment from a furlough I left St. Louis one night about eight o'clock. In the smoking car I struck up an acquaintance with a southerner, who was returning to his home in Tennessee. Somewhere in Illinois a negro came into the car. My southern friend said:

"When we get across the Ohio river that d—n nigger will have to ride in the nigger car."

It was true. They have a different place for them south of Mason and Dixon's line. The white man has use for the negro and uses the men for all kinds of labor out of doors and eat the food cooked by the negro women, and in infancy, is nursed by her. The same feeling exists with every white man, whatever may be his station in life. One day while going to the city from

the second camp at Jacksonville I fell in with a member of the 4th Virginia. We entered a place kept by a mulatto to get some ice cream. Just before leaving, while seated at one end of a very long table, a negro entered and asked for some lemonade. He sat down at the other end of the table. I thought nothing about it. When we had left the Virginian told me that if I had not have been with him he would have left the place at once when the "nigger" came in and sat down. During the talk he said:

"A southern white man, whatever may be his social position, will not sit at the same table with a negro because he feels that by so doing he is placing himself on the same level with the darky." Yet in other respects he is connected with the negro more closely than a northerner would permit. "Many white men in the south," he continued, "have yellow mistresses in preference to white ones."

CHAPTER IV.

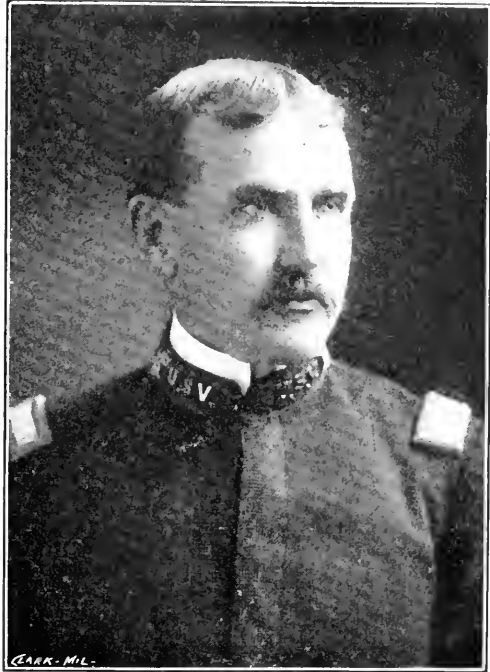
Rainy Season—Celebration of the Fourth—Friendship Between Virginians and Hawkeyes.

Both at Jacksonville and St. August
tine are large hotels. Most of them are
open for business only in winter. The
man or woman from the north, who goes
there for climate, can get it in large
quantities, but a well filled pocketbook
is necessary. The native have great re-
gard for the sojourner amongst them,
providing he is a free spender. The
Seventh army corps furnished the people
of Jacksonville an opportunity to replen-
ish their exchequer, and I never heard of
one who failed to do his part in relieving
the boys of their spare change.

Within a short time after arriving at
Jacksonville life became a routine of
camp duties. The weather was very
warm and the men suffered, at times,
from the heat. They have a rainy sea-
son in Florida and it began when we had
got well established in camp. When we
arrived there we thought that we had an
exceedingly fine camp ground. We had
not long endured the rains until we dis-
covered that level land does not make

the best camping place, however fine
may be the prospect during the dry sea-
son. There was no drainage except a
deep ditch which ran along the east side,
between our regiment and the 4th Illi-
nois. We had a number of heavy rains
late in June and early in July. In a
short time the sandy soil was saturated
with water. This condition of the soil
and the rank vegetation, which was hard
to keep under control, and the hot
weather were all productive of malaria
and typhoid, the result of which after-
wards proved disastrous to the health of
the entire command.

The people of Jacksonville made great
arrangements to celebrate the Fourth of
July. A parade, through the city, of the
entire corps was to be one of the princi-
pal features. The Fourth came along at
the proper time, but it proved to be a
rainy day. So the parade was postponed
until the 5th. I had an excellent oppor-
tunity to see this parade, as I was sent
down to the city in charge of a large

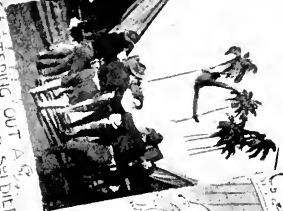


LIEUT. E. R. MOORE, QUARTERMASTER.



LIEUT. F. M. HARADON, COMPANY H.

ENDEES



TRUSTING OUT A
DISCOURAGED SOLDIER



W.H. ADAMS

C.O. COOK B.P. 75



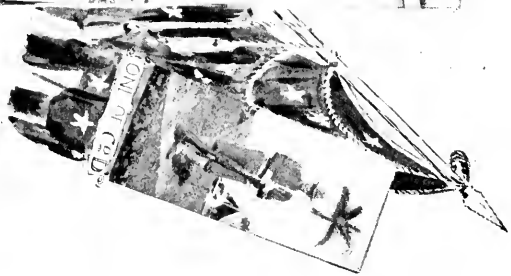
CHADMAN'S MESS



M.S. DEANE



READY FOR THE MARCH



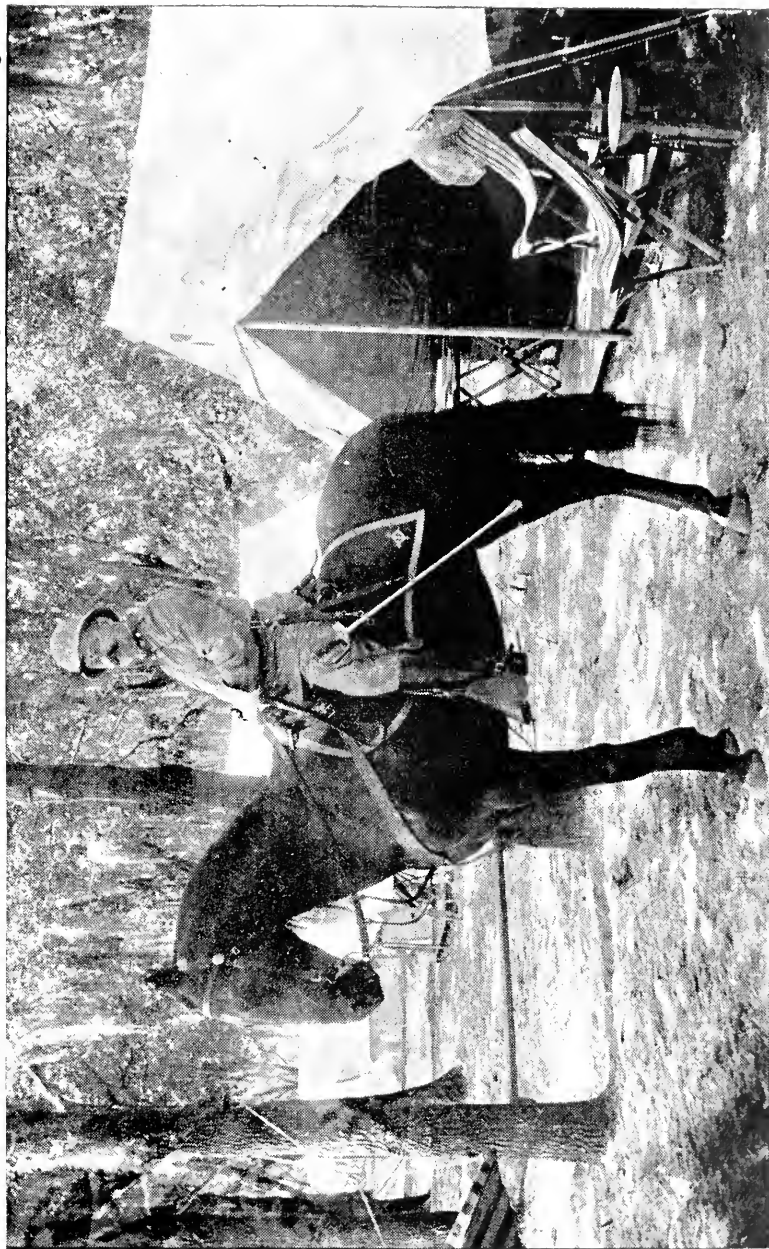
ON A TAIL



LIEUT. W. S. HART, COMPANY I.



MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

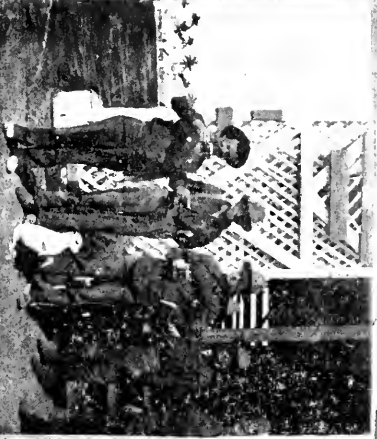


MAJOR RUSSELL B. HARRISON, PROVOST MARSHAL SEVENTH ARMY CORPS.



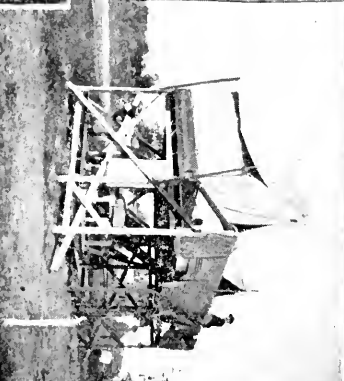
K.B. SICUM

CO. L. THE 4TH INFANTRY



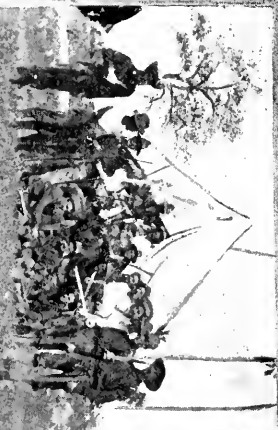
L.H. JUDD

ON VISIT TO THE 4TH INFANTRY



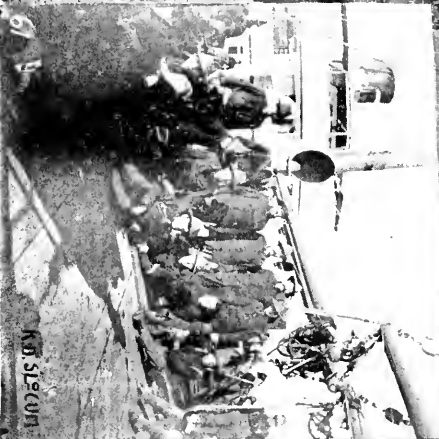
WHITSON

HEADQUARTERS AT SAN JUAN



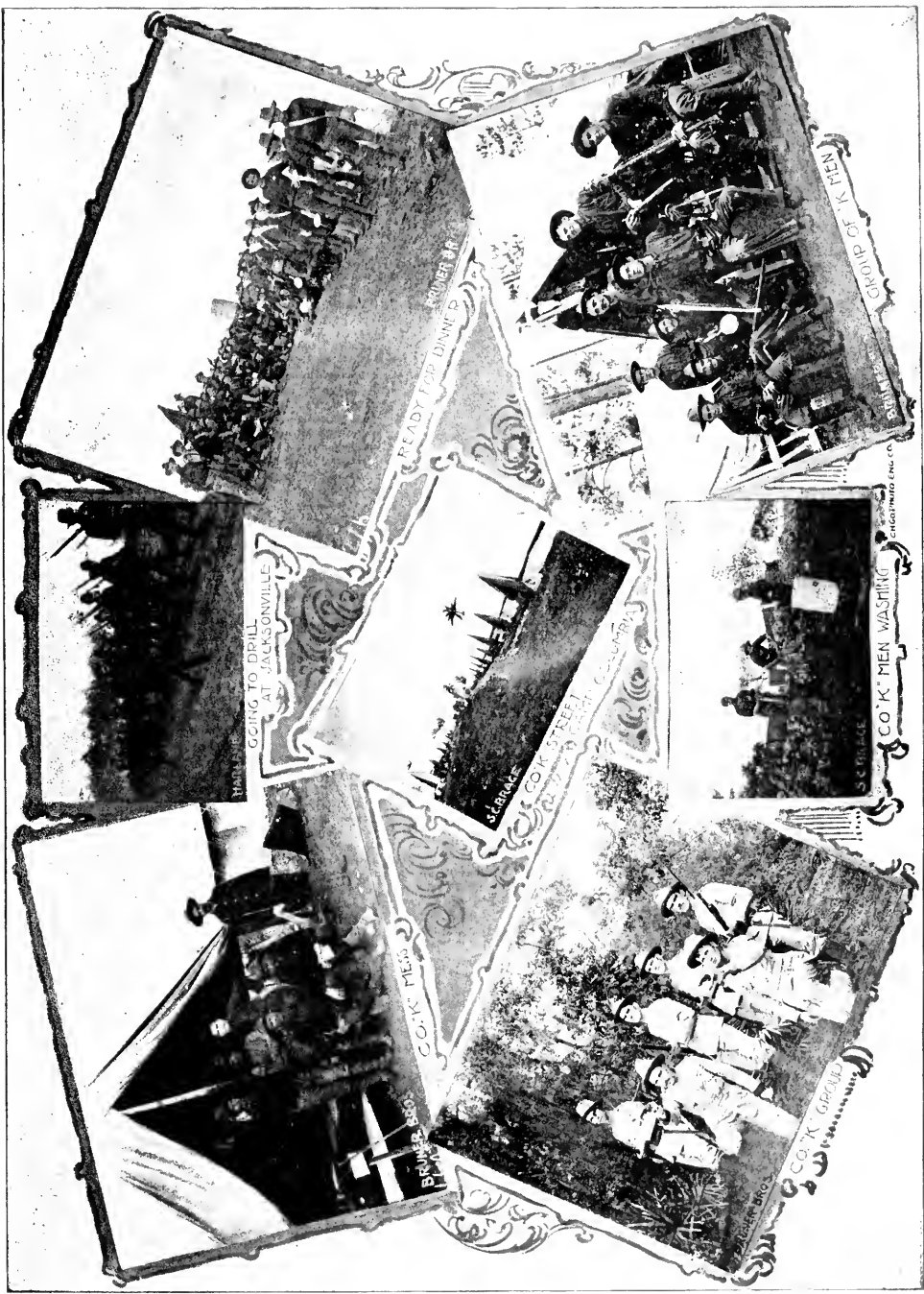
L.H. JUDD

WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO IN THE FUTURE



K.B. SICUM

ON TRANSFER TO "MINEASMA"



READY FOR DINNER
QUARTER 311

GROUP OF K. K. MEN

GOING TO DRILL
AT JACKSONVILLE

COOK STEEL
STORAGE

CO. K MEN WASHING
S. S. BRIDGE

BLUNDER BROS.
CO. K MEN

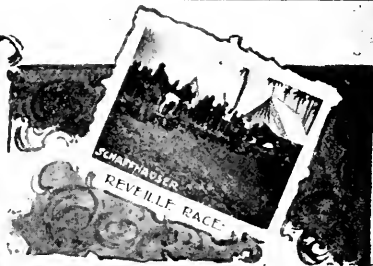
CO. K GRAD
BLUNDER BROS.

CO. K GRAD
BLUNDER BROS.



G. SCHAFFHAUSER

REVEILLE RACE NO. 1



SCHAFFHAUSER
REVEILLE RACE

EQUIPMENT
RACE



G. SCHAFFHAUSER JR.

REVEILLE RACE

(NO. 2)



G. SCHAFFHAUSER JR.



Geo. Schaffhauser

BAYONET RACE

CAPT. FLYNN OFFERED



G. SCHAFFHAUSER

BAYONET RACE

number of recruits, who could not take part in the affair as there were no arms for them. From the west entrance to the post-office building I saw the entire army pass. Of course Gen. Fitzhugh Lee led the parade on his big grey horse, and followed by his entire staff. In the light of the events of forty years ago it seemed strange to see a grandson of Gen. Grant as one of his aids, the other being his own son, Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., (shortly afterwards appointed to a lieutenantcy by President McKinley). These two young men rode side by side, seemingly forgetful of the fact that their sires had fought on opposite sides in the old war. There were other noted men on Gen. Lee's staff. One, Major Russell B. Harrison, is the son of an ex-president.

Only two or three regiments had passed when it began raining and the wind blew almost a gale from the south. Every man had his poncho, or rubber blanket. Sometimes the wind would blow so hard that it would nearly break up the companies, (they were marching in columns of companies),

On the Fourth the whole regiment went visiting. In a body, though without any particular order, and with the band in the lead, a thousand yelling, young soldiers went to the camp of the 2nd Virginia. The colonel of that regiment and Colonel Dows, and other officers, made speeches. After a whole lot of cheering we went to several other camps, including the 4th Virginia and the 50th Iowa.

It was no unusual thing to get up a crowd and go visiting to other camps. Sometimes several hundred of the boys would start on trips of this kind with

the regimental band at their head. Men from other regiments would visit us in the same way. I remember one parade through our camp in particular, although I have forgotten to what regiment the visitors belonged. It was the most unique, impromptu affair I ever heard of. There must have been eight hundred or a thousand of them. They had taken off their outer clothing. They had then wrapped their army blankets about their forms in the way an Indian wears that article, and for a head-gear they had taken their haversacks and put them on with the flaps hanging down behind. It was at night, and in the moonlight they looked very much like noble red men, especially as their actions and the sounds that they made were intended to carry out that idea.

Many acquaintances were made with men of other regiments. At the first Jacksonville camp our nearest neighbors were the 4th Illinois. They had been there some time when we arrived. In going through Illinois we had stopped in a number of towns that furnished companies to that regiment. In one town a man handed me a letter addressed to his son and asked me to deliver it. Of course the letter would have reached the son through the mail's, but the father thought the letter would be better appreciated if delivered by one who had so recently been through the old home. As soon as possible after getting in camp I hunted up the boy and gave him the letter. I could see that he was more than pleased to hear from home in this way.

There existed a very warm friendship between the members of the 4th Vir-

ginia and the 49th Iowa. I do not know the origin of this but I do remember one incident that undoubtedly contributed thereto. One night some sort of an entertainment was held over in the 4th Virginia camp and our band went over to assist in the affair. They played a number of pieces which were heartily applauded. Finally the band played "Dixie." The shout that went up from those Virginians must have raised the dead. From this time on the Virginians were our firm friends. There was one thing that our band refrained from playing after we went south. That was "Marching Through Georgia." It was known that this was a painful subject to the southern people and no possible good could be done by playing it. Shortly after the incident referred to, when "Dixie" was played, the 4th Virginia played "Marching Through Georgia," thus showing that no rancor existed in their hearts toward the north. From this time there was no North, no South, so far as these two regiments were concerned.

One night, while we were at Savannah I was riding in a car to camp from the city. In the seat in front of me were two young soldiers, members of the 4th Virginia. They were more than half seas over, being in that condition of intoxication when they felt at peace with themselves and with the world. As they sat with their arms about each other, and apparently oblivious to their surroundings, one of them said: "Shay, d-do you all know what I think?"

"No, I didn't kn-know 'at you all had contracted that habit. Better let some co'pl do your thinkin'".

"Well sah, said the first fellow, without paying any attention to the advice, "I think 'at the Fo'th Va'ginia is the best regiment in the a'my,'less'n it is the Fo'ty-ninth Iowa."

Well sah," said his companion, "I think 'at the Fo'ty-ninth Iowa is the best regiment in the worl',less'n it is the Fo'th Va'ginia."

And so they were agreed. That was the opinion apparently, of every man among them. Those fellows would rather fight for the 49th than for themselves. One night some 49th men got into a scrap with a larger number of North Carolinians, and were getting worsted, when some 4th Virginians came up and helped "do" the Carolinians.

Foot ball and base ball teams were organized in a number of regiments. The 49th had good teams, and at every game the Virginians always turned out in large numbers. They would take every bet in sight and then offer to lick anyone who criticised the playing of our fellows. The applause and other forms of encouragement from the Virginians contributed much to the success always attained by the 49th players, for they never lost a game out of the many played.

Sixteen miles from Jacksonville is Pablo Beach, a resort frequented by people from the city. A railroad runs there and it was well patronized by the soldiers from the camps. The town is a small affair. It was from this place that most of Iowa's soldiers had their first look at the ocean. It was about the only thing worth looking at, except the beach, which was a fine one. Very soon after the train arrived several hundred men had donned bathing suits and were

having a fine time riding the waves. It was some time before I learned how to do it. If one stands still the wave is sure to engulf him. I had just learned that it was necessary to give a little spring upward when the wave strikes, and it would pass under me. At this time one of the boys appeared on the scene. He was new at the business and when the first wave came rolling in, he, of course, was covered with water. In a moment he came spluttering out of it saying:

Gee whiz, Jim, I stepped in a hole ten feet deep."

Everybody enjoyed these experiences.

Another trip taken by many was down the St. Johns river to its mouth, where was situated Mayport, a straggling little fishing village, nestled in the sand. The most striking thing about this village was the dilapidation of everything in it. Except for the river and the island near by, the surroundings had a desolate appearance. Local chroniclers had it that the island referred to was one of the rendezvous of Captain Kidd, the notorious pirate of two hundred years ago, who demanded tribute from all.

CHAPTER V.

Camp Moved—First Death—Provost Duty—Typhoid Fever—Tribute to the Nurses.

As has been said, our first camp was on level ground. This was undesirable because there was no natural drainage. In the interest of the health of the men it was decided to move to a better location. This was done on August 18th.

The new camp was at what was known as Panama Park and was about two miles farther from the city, being in a northeasterly direction from the old camp. A turn pike or shell road ran along the west side of the camp and the ground sloped nicely to the east. On this side was heavily timbered bottom land. It was about a quarter of a mile across this bottom to the St. Johns river.

At this time there was a good deal of sickness in some of the regiments. We had begun to think that the 49th would be more fortunate as there was not much sickness in the regiment during the first two months. A number of men were sent to the division hospital but not so many as from some other regiments.

Three days after the camp was

changed, or on August 21st, occurred the death of First Lieutenant Guy Kellogg, company G. He was taken sick in camp about ten days before, but was sent to the boarding house in the city where his wife was staying. This was the first death in the regiment. The news was received with great sorrow as the lieutenant was one of the most popular as well as one of the most efficient young officers of the regiment. Being a relative of Mrs. Kellogg I was sent for and was present when the spirit of the lieutenant took its flight. It was a sad hour at the undertaking parlors of Clark & Burns, where short services were held on the 22nd. Every man of the company passed through the room and looked for the last time upon the face of their loved comrade. As I was to accompany Mrs. Kellogg and the body of the young lieutenant to Iowa, I bade the boys good bye, and as I took each one by the hand I could fully understand the feeling of great sorrow that prevailed.

A Jacksonville paper tells of the following incident which was witnessed when the funeral procession bearing the remains of Lieutenant Kellogg passed by.

"General J. J. Dickinson, of Ocala visiting in the city, saw the procession, and kneeling on the sidewalk, offered a fervent prayer to God to save the flag and to protect our boys. General Dickinson is well known as one of the bravest leaders on the confederate side during the civil war, and this simple act brought tears to many eyes."

I arrived in Jacksonville, on my return from Iowa, on Sept. 12th, and found my company just entered upon a tour of provost duty. The company and company C of the 6th Missouri were quartered in the large three story brick building one block west of Bridge street. This was in the heart of the toughest part of what was then the very tough city of Jacksonville. During the ten days we were there the daily arrests ranged from twenty five to seventy. It was part of my duty to keep the register in which was entered the name, rank, company and regiment of each man arrested, and last, but not least, the offense with which he was charged.

As a student of human nature and human kind I found much to interest me. More than half of those arrested were guilty only of being without a pass, something that every enlisted man was supposed to have when absent from camp. "Drunk and disorderly" was often written opposite the names of men belonging to the 4th Immunes, and the New Jersey, Alabama and Mississippi regiments.

"Knock-out drops" got in their deadly

work in many cases. While we were there a number of men were brought to headquarters in an unconscious condition. In every case they were found in alleys or on side streets with their money etc., gone. In nearly every case the victims had taken out one drink, and it was always with some chance acquaintance. One night one of the boys brought in a captain of a southern regiment who was as drunk as a lord. He was just able to realize that he was in a predicament. He cried like a school boy and said that he had made application for a commission in the regular army, and that with such a serious charge against him there would be no hope for appointment. His request was not granted.

In these days we hear much about the water cure as it is administered in the Philippines. We had a water cure at provost headquarters, but it was administered externally. Whenever a 'bad man' was run in—the kind that wanted to fight—his clothing were removed and he was chucked into a small closet and given a cold shower bath that he would not soon forget. If this did not produce the desired effect he was then bucked and gagged and stored away in a dark room.

One day word came to us that a man had been killed near our quarters. A guard went to the spot and found that a negro had been shot by another negro in a quarrel over a game of craps. The police were already on the ground. The murderer was not apprehended and no great effort was made to find him. There was no sensation over the affair and the papers next day contained only a very brief account of the shooting. While

we were at Jacksonville a negro was hanged for the murder of a white man. The next morning the leading daily paper had a very short account of the hanging.

Our tour of provost duty ended about September 20. Including the time spent on provost it had been nearly a month since I had left the regiment. I found a very great change. Many men were in the hospital and several had died. For some time there averaged one death a day. During the two months following the death of Lieutenant Kellogg forty-one men died from our regiment. It was said that seventeen men were taken from the Second division hospital to the dead house in one day. In my own company, at one time, there was but one corporal, of the twelve, able for duty. It was no unusual thing for but twelve or fifteen men to show up for drill. One morning company B had only four men for drill. For sometime the entire regiment was consolidated into four companies for parade, making a total of about two hundred men. When the corps was reviewed by Secretary of War Alger the regiment mustered but three hundred, formed into six companies.

Bad as the situation was it undoubtedly would have been much worse if it hadn't been for the rigid enforcement of the sanitary regulations. Colonel Dows is entitled to great credit for his work in this respect. His hobby was sanitation and many said that he was a crank on this subject. It is certain that had it not been for him, and the other officers who enforced his orders, the death rate would have been two or three times as great. Surgeon Major Clark and the

assistant surgeons, Lieutenants Martindale and Hamilton, together with the hospital stewards and volunteer nurses, were all hard worked and performed splendid service.

Much praise is due the medical department for the conveniences at the hospitals, and for the special food furnished, and for many other things, but most praise should be given to those splendid women, the hospital nurses, who unselfishly, devotedly and tenderly cared for the boys who succumbed to the dread typhoid. Everywhere, whether in our own country or on foreign soil, where there were military hospitals, we are to be found those angels of mercy, silently and earnestly soothing the fevered brow, encouraging the despondent and coaxing the convalescent to sure recovery. I was not in any hospital, except as a visitor, but my observations, and the information received from the boys who were sick, have taught me that the one most entitled to credit is the army nurse in petticoats.

Even now many eyes are filled with tears fresh from hearts saddened by thoughts of those for whom taps have sounded for the last time on this earth, and opposite whose names, on the company rolls, have been written these words, "Detailed for duty above." In Iowa cemeteries are fifty-five members of the 49th at rest in the last long sleep, all sacrifices to the cause of humanity. None of these fell in battle, nor did they ever hear the singing of bullets, except across the rifle range, yet they as surely gave their lives for the starry banner as if they had fallen in the trenches about Santiago.

CHAPTER VI.

Big Storm—The Hoodoo Horse—Work on Rifle Range— Regiment Moves to Savannah.

While at the second camp we experienced one of the worst storms ever known on the southwest coast. The rain fell in torrents most of the time for two days and the wind certainly belonged in the tornado class. Nearly half of the tents in the regiment were blown down. At the Second division hospital much damage was done and many patients suffered from exposure. Many humorous incidents occurred daily, and one such incident, happened at one o'clock at night during the big storm. In some of the regiments it was the custom for the sentinels to call the hours. I do not know why it wasn't done in the 49th. Someone suggests that the noise would have disturbed the stud-poker game that was recognized as the big social affair down at the mule corral.

However the custom prevailed with our neighbors, the 4th Virginia. On the night referred to, as I lay in my tent, listening to the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain, I heard, in clear

and distinct tones, these words from the camp of the 4th Virginia:

"Number two, one o'clock, and all is well."

Then seemingly a little farther away came these words:

"Number three, one o'clock, and all is well."

Still farther away the next man, who doubtless appreciated the situation fully, took up the cry in these words:

"Number four, one o'clock, and this is h-e-l-l."

Every man who served in the 49th will remember Lieu'enaut Reed, adjutant 1st battalion, and they will never forget his horse. This horse was even more conspicuous than Gen. Lee's magnificent grey charger. Of all the horses in the 7th corps the general's was the most beautiful, while the lieutenant's was the ugliest. He answered to the name of Battle-Ax. This name was appropriate for three reasons. First, because he was probably foaled in the days

when the battle ax was the main weapon used in the wars which then prevailed. Second, because it was naturally suited to a war steed. Third, because to ride this horse was as bad a conflict against a battle-ax in the hands of a valiant foe.

Battle-ax's color was a dull bay in spots, the other portions of his body being a duller bay. He was a long, gaunt, hungry looking quadruped, with a pair of ears that nature had intended should adorn that patient and long suffering animal, the army mule. The ears were geared to the horse on the alternating plan. One ear would shoot to the front and as it came back the other one would advance, and so on until all witnesses were hypnotised. The every action of these ears was strictly consistent with the drill regulations, the sweep of each ear was thirty inches in its movements, the cadence being 120 to the minute.

On ordinary occasions the ears were in repose, but on dress parade they got in their deadly work. There was something fascinating about those ears that riveted the attention of all beholders. The long lines of twelve hundred men were interesting: the field and staff officers, handsomely uniformed and splendidly mounted, were very attractive; the band and bugle corps, following in the wake of Drum Major Joe Reis, constituted an inspiring sight. But all these were completely eclipsed when Lieut. Reed, astride Battle-Ax, rode across the parade ground and reported the First battalion "all present or accounted for."

Of course, in the eyes of the field and staff officers, the horse was a disgrace to the regiment. The lieutenant was re-

viled, and coaxed, and sworn at, and cajoled, and commanded to get rid of that "hoodoo of a horse." The lieutenant tried his best to trade him off but without success, until that expert horse trader, Chaplain Mason, in the goodness of his heart, came to the rescue and effected some kind of an exchange that gave the lieutenant another horse and prevented an epidemic of nervous prostration among the officers of the regiment.

Since the above was written I have been informed by Captain Jaeggi that I am in error regarding reason for the name of this celebrated horse. In conformity with the claims of a well known tobacco company, he was named "Battle-Ax" because he was the "biggest plug."

Before leaving Jacksonville it will be proper to say something about the rifle range which constituted a prominent feature. There were twenty-four targets, so that a whole regiment could fire each day, two targets being assigned to each company. The 49th made good records every time it was out. Capt. E. C. Johnson was range officer for sometime, and the members of his company, (M), operated the targets and acted as score keepers, etc.

After being at Jacksonville for more than four months we left for a new location. It had been known for sometime that we would move, but we didn't know where until the war department saw fit to enlighten us, which was a few days before we left. On October 25th, we were packed up and about half past two o'clock, afternoon, we marched to Cummer's saw mill, and in the woods near by we waited in the rain until about



LIEUT. J. B. NATTINGER, COMPANY L.



CAPTAIN E. C. JOHNSON, COMPANY M.



CAPT. H. A. ALLEN, COMPANY E.



CAPT. L. J. ROWELL, COMPANY F.



LIEUT. GUY KELLOGG, COMPANY G,
whose death was the first in the regiment.



LIEUT. G. W. SANDERS, COMPANY G.



LIEUT. J. E. BARTLEY, COMPANY F



LIEUT. G. M. JOHNSON, COMPANY M.

nine o'clock. Although we had our ponchos and rubber coats there was not much comfort to be enjoyed in this experience, although we built roaring fires. When we boarded the train everyone was wet to the skin.

Early next morning we waked up to find the train standing on the track in the midst of a forlorn pine forest. I do not remember just what was the reason for the delay. I think, however, that the engine had balked.

A short distance from the train was a small village, consisting of a dozen houses built of rough pine boards. Thinking that I might get something to eat and maybe a cup of hot coffee I speedily made my way to the only store, where I found the proprietor, a real Georgia cracker, just opening up. Seeing that the establishment could not be rated with Delmonico's, I asked if he could supply me with cheese, crackers and bologna. Answering me he said:

"Well sah, I haint got no bolony and never hed. I know what it is. Got a hunk once when I was up toe Savannah. Hit may be all right fur them as is used to high livin'. I am jest out of cheese—sold the las' piece toe a drummer las' week. You all caint 'spect to git coffee here, but I kin fix you all out with crackers and whisky."

I took crackers and reasoned thus regarding the other commodity: I was

wet and cold, and, understanding that whisky was stimulating, I decided that I could not kill two birds with one stone—get stimulated and at the same time learn what whisky tasted like.

Although it was out one hundred and thirty nine miles from Jacksonville to Savannah it was noon of the 26th before we arrived at the last named city. As soon as we got off the cars we had our dinner of hardtack and beans. We then marched to our new camp ground southeast of the city. We found a much better camping place than we ever had before. The location was high and the soil was much better—not so sandy as at Jacksonville. Only two hundred yards away was an electric car line. For obvious reasons this was nice.

Soon after arriving on the ground wagons appeared with the tentage. This included new 7x7 tents for every company. We were glad of this for the rags which had constituted the tentage at Jacksonville had long since survived their usefulness. The tents were soon put up and we again commenced house-keeping.

The first night in the new camp was a cold one. In fact it was plain that we were rid of the hot weather which had been almost unbearable at Jacksonville. We hailed the cool weather with delight, for it meant the end of so much sickness.

CHAPTER VII.

Camp Onward—The City—Foot Ball—New Rifles—Movement of Troops to Cuba Begins.

Our new camp at Savannah did not receive a name until November 10th, when Gen. Lee issued orders announcing that it would be called "Camp Onward." This we understood was because we were supposed to have begun our onward march to Cuba.

Savannah is an interesting city. Here I believe, was made the first settlement south of Virginia. General James Oglethorpe was its founder and a handsome monument, intended to perpetuate his memory, graces one of the numerous little parks. These little parks, or "breathing places," as the natives call them, are located at the intersection of many of the streets. They are called wards, and named after persons. To illustrate, one was called "Crawford's Ward," and probably one or two, and possibly more, men will remember that it required a special pass, signed by Major Harrison, provost marshal, in order to visit it.

Among the monuments erected to the

memory of Revolutionary heroes are those of Sergeant Jasper, Count Pulaski and General Greene.

The shipping at Savannah is much larger than at Jacksonville. At the latter place the principal cargoes for shipment were lumber, while at Savannah it was cotton. Large amounts of turpentine and rosin are also shipped.

Our first pay day after arriving at Camp Onward was about Nov. 5th. Of course there were and unusually large number of requests for passes that night. For some reason, probably in the interest of discipline, the number approved by the adjutant were limited to ten to each company. Straightway there were numerous kicks made in the company streets. The boys, who had been broke, wanted to spend some of the money they had that day received from the paymaster. The failure to get passes didn't deter them, but they went anyhow. Had one been in the rear of the camp he would have seen whole squads of men

walking through the guard line. They paid no attention to the challenges of the guards. They came back into the camp in the same manner and were very quiet about it. Probably this is the reason that nothing was ever done about it. There must have been two hundred men who ran the guard lines on this night.

The weather became quite cold while we were here and the boys made their quarters quite comfortable by the use of little oil stoves. Many of them bought pancake flour, eggs, milk and other articles of food and did their own cooking.

Thanksgiving Day, 1898, will long be remembered by all who served in the 7th corps. Then it was that the ladies of Savannah successfully carried out the undertaking of giving a good Thanksgiving dinner to every man of the twelve thousand then in Camp Onward. This dinner was served about four o'clock by the ladies themselves. This kindly attention on the part of the good people of Savannah completely won our hearts and now, four years afterwards, we still sing their praises.

Our regimental foot-ball team played its first game on this day. The contest was with the First Texas and resulted in a tie, the score being five to five. Before leaving Camp Onward these two teams played another game, the score being eight to nothing in favor of the Iowas.

Two and a half miles from our camp is located Ft. Jackson, on the south shore of the Savannah and not far below the city. It is an old brick structure and has not been occupied since the civil war. No doubt at one time it

served its purpose admirably, but against modern guns it would not be worth a plugged quarter.

One point of interest was Thunderbolt, a small town, distant about three miles from camp, and accessible by electric car line. Near here is located an industrial school for colored people. The town is located on the Thunderbolt river, from which the negroes take large quantities of oysters.

On November 25th, occurred the sham battle with the 1st brigade, of the 2nd division intrenched in the earthworks which had been erected by the confederates in 1864 while Gen. Sherman was making his celebrated march to the sea. The 2nd brigade, of which the 49th was a part, was the attacking force. History fails to record the result of this bloodless battle, but as I now remember it we were repulsed. The getting licked didn't worry our side so much as the mud and water which had to be waded in order to get at the enemy.

On November 30th the old Springfield rifles were turned in and new Krag's were issued instead.^f As the Krag is the rifle used by the army a few facts concerning it may be of interest.

Used as a single loader 42 shots have been fired in two minutes. Firing from hip, without aim, 36 shots have been fired in one minute. Penetration into white pine; from muzzle 53 inches; from distance of five hundred yards, 19 85 inches; from one thousand yards, 11 44. Weight of the gun 10.174 pounds.

To give an idea of our life I give a few extracts from a diary now before me:

"Dec. 1. News that the Second Division has been ordered to Cuba. At news

of moving to Cuba the boys shouted much. Breakfast: hash bread and coffee. Dinner: beefsteak, potatoes, tomatos. Warm biscuit for supper. A nice day "

"Dec. 2nd. School in taking new guns apart. News of going to Cuba confirmed. Had orders to take all badges from coat or shirt and to wear no ornaments. Nice day."

"Dec. 3rd. Our last review to be Thursday. A few bets up that we will be in Cuba by Christmas "

"Dec. 4th This is Sunday. Went to the city and spent greater part of the afternoon on the wharf. Saw acres of baled cotton and miles of ships from all countries. The Minnewaska was loading 202nd New York "

"Dec. 5th. Drill in forenoon. Headquarters pulling up stakes for departure to Cuba (?) No special news as to departure of the regiment—only rumors. Very cold this morning. Boys ate breakfast with gloves or mittens and over coats. Good grub today."

Dec 6th. Cold morning. Review and parade of entire corps in the city. This is also pay day. Peddlers are swarming through the camp."

"Dec. 7th. North Carolina regiment boards transport for Cuba. Fourteen men reported absent from parade. A very nice day; temperature at 7 a. m., 40 "

"Dec 8th. No school or parade be-

cause of show at Thunderbolt for officers. Temperature nine a. m. 37; three p. m. 47 "

"Dec. 9th. Because of a little snow and more rain everything is declared off except roll calls and guard mount."

This is enough to show how the days passed. It will be noticed that preparations were rapidly being made for the move to Cuba. On Sunday, the 11th, General Lee and his staff went on board the transport Panama and left amid the cheers of a great multitude of people who lined the wharf.

Some troops had preceded Gen. Lee. The first to leave were the First North Carolina, followed in a few days by the Second Illinois.

The Fourth Virginia left their camp on the 15th for the transport which was to carry them to Cuba. They were accompanied on the transport by the 161st Indiana. The Virginians were anxious to have the 49th go with them and some of them were so much disappointed that they threatened to throw the Hoosiers overboard when they got out to sea.

President McKinley visited Savannah on the 17th accompanied by several members of his cabinet and by Generals Lawton and Wheeler. Of course there was a review of all the troops then camped in or near Savannah. This review was the last one for us while at Camp Onward as we left for Cuba on the 19th.

CHAPTER VIII.

On Board Transport—Havana Harbor—First Impressions of Cuba—Our Reception.

On Friday, December 16th, we got orders to pack all extra baggage and be prepared to load it on a transport at any moment. By Saturday evening it was all ready. Sunday morning about seventy-five army wagons appeared and then there was a great bustle in camp. A stranger might have thought that everything was in confusion. He would have been mistaken. In a short time everything was loaded and at the wharf and by one o'clock all was loaded except the men and the things that each one carried. We were to go on board Monday morning. The boys celebrated their departure by bonfires.

Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, who had accompanied President McKinley on his southern trip, visited our camp on Sunday. He greeted the boys cordially, and all were glad to see him.

Next morning, December 19th, reveille sounded at about five o'clock. At 7:30 the regiment started for the wharf. After waiting nearby for sometime we

went on board at eleven. The Minnewaska was the name of our transport. It was a "sizable" boat, being 461 feet long, 50 feet wide and nearly 60 feet from keel to the top of quarter deck. When we went over the bar at the mouth of the Savannah river she drew 21 feet, but after getting to sea she was sunk four feet more by filling compartments with water.

The ship left her dock at noon. Two tugs towed us to the mouth of the river, a distance of about twenty miles. A number of ladies, wives of officers, accompanied us until we had crossed the bar, when they returned on one of the tugs.

The enlisted men were located on the second floor below the main deck. The first floor below was occupied by the mules and horses. Our quarters were nothing like I supposed they would be. Imagine a great big cellar about eight feet deep with an iron floor. From side to side were rows of 4x4 posts twenty-two inches apart. These rows of posts

were about twelve feet apart. One end of two hammocks (one about three feet above the other) was attached to each post, the other end being attached to a post in the next row. Thus two men had a space 22 inches by 12 feet. The most objectionable thing about these quarters was water which collected on the iron floor.

The cooking for the one thousand men on board was done by steam in big iron kettles on the main deck, just back of the principal hatchway. The whole regiment had to file by this place to get grub. Naturally it took a long time to serve everybody.

The officers were nicely quartered. In this respect they were much better situated than when in camp.

Everyone spent most of his time on the upper deck, looking at the ever changing sea, but never changing scene, excepting now and then when a school of porpoise could be seen. The water was a deep blue, except the crest of the waves, where were to be found the famed white caps. The sailors said we were having very smooth water and fine weather, but to a landlubber it seemed we had a pretty stiff breeze from the south. The boys had to keep their hats tied on with strings.

Of course the novelty of our surroundings had not paled when night came on. On this first day it was quite cool and we wore our overcoats. Most of us were up next morning to see a sunrise at sea. I had read many fine descriptions of this magnificent scene but I am not able to do the subject justice. I can only say that when Old Sol made his appearance he was there and didn't loiter on the way.

I will not attempt to describe it but will refer all who care to investigate the subject to the works of the many poets who have treated the subject.

Seasickness was enjoyed by all who were not affected with it. Those who had it failed to see the joke.

After leaving the mouth of the Savannah river we were out of land until about noon next day. From this time on we were in sight of the Florida coast all day. It became quite warm on this day and overcoats were discarded. The evening was pleasant and nearly everyone remained on deck until a late hour.

The weather grew very much warmer on the 21st and much interest was shown when it became known that we would reach Havana this evening. About 4:30 o'clock the Cuban coast hove in sight. A number with phenomenal eyesight and vivid imaginations claimed they could see monkeys in cocoanut trees throwing nuts at natives. About 6:30 the revolving light on Morro Castle could be seen. We entered the harbor between eight and nine o'clock and anchored in the bay shortly afterwards. As we passed Morro we could see many persons on the walls and could hear cheers, or what seemed to be cheers, for the Spanish language was used. We also passed a large ship and their band played "Yankee Doodle," which was vociferously applauded by our boys. Although the moon was shining it was too dark to distinguish objects on the shore.

It was understood that we were anchored near the wreck of the *Maine*. Every man was on deck at daylight. What was left of the *Maine* above water was gazed at with great interest by every

man of the 49th.

On all sides wonderful scenes were realized. The forts looked very strong. To the south were hills that were green with grass. The stars and stripes were waving over Fort Atores, at the end of the bay.

Soon after breakfast we proceeded to the dock. A good many Cubans were about the ship offering cigars and oranges for sale. A brisk trade was immediately established, but was soon cut off by the officers of the regiment, who seemed to think that somebody would be poisoned.

The mules and horses were first unloaded, after which each company quartermaster sergeant was furnished a detail of ten men from his company to assist in moving the baggage out and loading it on wagons to be taken to camp, which was about nine miles distant from the bay. The regiment, except guard and baggage details, stayed on board all day Thursday night, and went out to camp Friday morning.

Being one of the quartermaster sergeants I was required to stay on the wharf until Saturday night, and in this way I met a good many Cubans and Spaniards. The Spanish soldiers were very friendly, and gave many of the boys buttons and ornaments from their uniforms. They examined our Krag rifles which are not much different from their Mousers, except that the latter are very dirty and would cause an American inspecting officer to have a fit.

The Spanish soldier is undersized and anything but soldierly in appearance. Their uniform was a wide brimmed straw hat, blouse and trousers of some

material very similar to gingham. Some of them wore shoes made of soft white canvas and with hemp soles. As it was quite cold (for Georgia) when we left Savannah, we wore our heavy blue clothing. These were examined with interest, and many exclamations by both Cubans and Spaniards. The Spanish soldiers were all very friendly and many of them envied our lot. One of them, who was only seventeen years old, and had been in the army three years, said that he would not go back to Spain, but would go to the United States. He was very small, weighing not more than one hundred pounds, but was exceptionally soldierly in appearance, for a Spaniard, and very bright. He showed me scars of two wounds that he had received in battle, and he wore a gold badge given him for special act of bravery. He had been a bugler but when we saw him he was a sergeant of cavalry.

The Cubans frantically received us as if we were their saviors. When the regiment marched through the city it was greeted with loud shouts of "Vive la Americanos," and bouquets were thrown at the flag. The buildings were decorated with both American and Cuban flags, the former being given the place of honor.

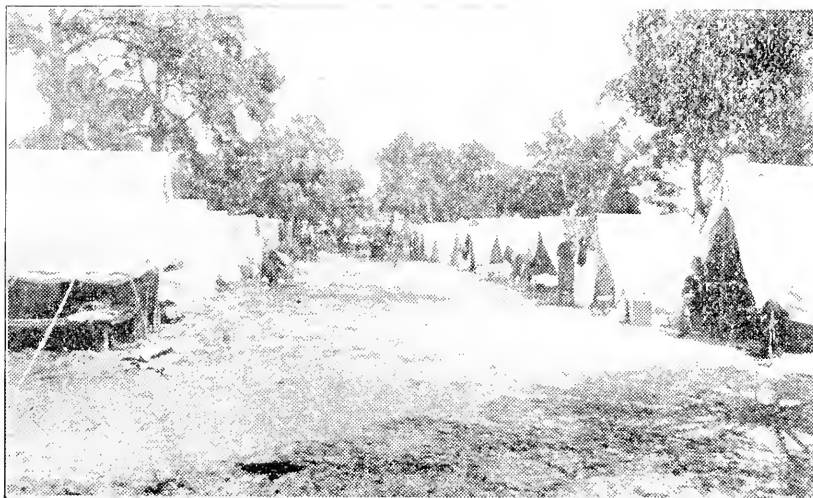
Everything interested us greatly, and especially the buildings. They are massive stone structures, mostly two stories in height, cemented on the outside, and with no ornamentations. The doors were heavy and wide. Every window had iron grates but no glass—only wooden shutters. The shutters were nearly always open and one could see clear through the house to the court beyond.

This court belonged to every dwelling, and was doubtless a very pleasant place, being filled with flowers, plants, and banana and orange trees. There is not a carpet in Havana and but few rugs. The floors, in the better class houses, are of tile, in pretty designs. Among the poorer classes the floors are of rough stone and some times only dirt. Most of the streets are very narrow, and in such streets the sidewalks are sometimes not more than eighteen inches wide. In the newer portion of the city, back from the bay, the streets and sidewalks were wider. The streets were very dirty as compared with those of our cities. I said then that the man who would turn a big hose on the whole city would ever after be hailed as a public benefactor.

Early Saturday morning two of us went up town to get something to eat. We entered a cafe and sat down at a table and wondered how we could give an order, since we knew no Spanish and the waiters evidently knew no English. Directly a waiter came and said "caufa meelka." I sagely nodded but could not even guess what he meant. He soon returned with a beer glass on a saucer for each of us. These he filled to within an inch of the top with hot milk. Then, from a metal kettle, he poured enough of a black liquid to completely fill the glasses. It was coffee and the best I had ever drank. In every cafe were men drinking coffee, but not eating anything except sometimes a small roll.



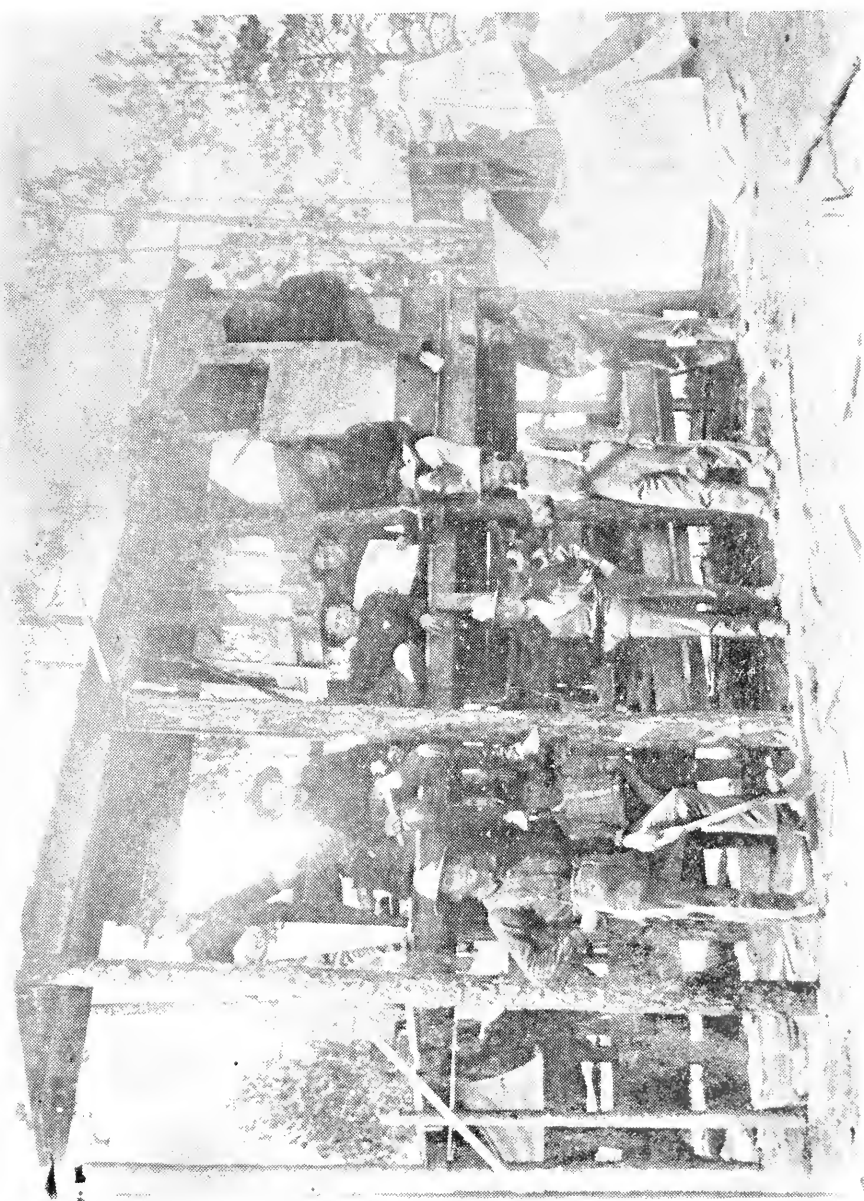
GENERAL ARNOLD AND STAFF.



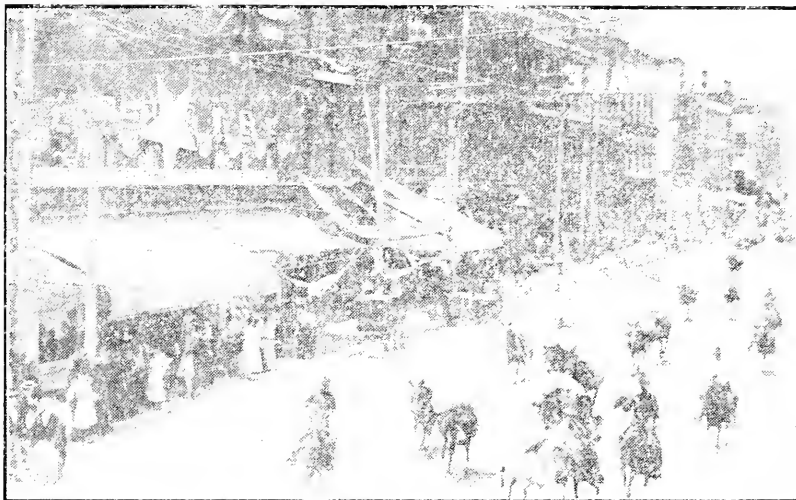
A COMPANY STREET.



COMPANY BARBER SHOP.



A ROCKERY BUILT BY ROYALIES.



PACK MULES AT JACKSONVILLE.



GETTING VACCINATED.

CHAPTER IX.

A Fatal Accident—A Cuban Scrap—The Boys Skip out— Cuban Funerals—Christmas Eve.

A very distressing accident occurred on the first morning after we arrived in Havana harbor. It was not yet daylight when breakfast was ready. As soon as each fellow got his grub he would either go down to his quarters or would seek a place on the upper deck to eat his morning meal. Henry Becker, a member of Co. A, stepped into an open hatchway and fell to the bottom, a distance of thirty feet, striking on the iron floor. Although I helped take him out I never knew what his injuries were. He was taken to the hospital ship Missouri, which happened to be there, and in a few days he died.

Like every other man in the 49th he was anxious to see Cuba, its people and institutions. The goal was reached early in the night but ere the light of day came he had met his fate, and he never opened his eyes in consciousness on the sights he longed for.

A large number of Cuban stevedores were employed on the wharf to handle

the baggage and supplies. It was great fun to watch them. A very excitable people, are the Cubans. They were generally dressed in a pair of light cotton trousers, a thin shirt, canvass shoes and no socks, and for the most part without hats. There were a large number of small cars loaded with supplies, the motive power of each being three or four Cubans. Whenever there was a collision, which was frequent, every last Cuban would stop work, throw his hands in the air and all would talk at once. One would think there was going to be a big fight in about a minute. However the scrap always blew over without bloodshed.

The officers of the regiment did not want the boys to go into the city. There were two gates that furnished entrance from the wharf into the city. These were guarded and it would seem that no one could get through. Before night a number had been through and seen some of the sights. One of these was out of

tobacco and commenced a search for the much desired "chewin." After a long search he returned with a piece of alleged tobacco that looked like a chunk of black asphalt. He went to a number of stores and asked for tobacco. The clerks always produced some cigars. He said that he couldn't make anyone understand him. Directly he saw a negro, and thinking that his troubles were over he accosted the colored brother with "say! can you tell me where I can find some plug chewing?" The intelligent son of Ham threw his arms around in the air and said, "Me no comprehenda." "What do you think of such a durn country, Jim," said my blue shirted friend, "where even the niggers can't talk United States."

The regiment left the ship for camp at nine o'clock Friday morning, Dec. 22nd, leaving the baggage and guard details behind. The baggage of each company had been placed in piles on the big covered wharf. A large number of teams appeared early in the morning and were loaded with the baggage and supplies and started out to Camp Columbia, which was to be our home for nearly four months.

After the wagons had been loaded we had a long wait until their return from camp. I put in part of this time in making short excursions into the city. Street peddlers were numerous and were selling bread, vegetables, notions, ribbons, (which were allowed to hang out from the pack) and other articles. The dickering was always done at the windows, the peddler without and the ladies within examining the wares through the bars of the windows.

I was alone and attracted a good deal of attention, as American soldiers were new to the people. They were very polite and seemed pleased that the American soldiers had come. At one doorway were a number of children. Just as I passed them some word in English was spoken that attracted my attention. I turned back and found that they had sheets of paper on which were written words in Spanish translated into English. They were studying English and were making good progress.

It was on this day that a sight was witnessed that would have drawn a large crowd of people had it occurred in any Iowa town. There it attracted very little attention. An old woman had died on the street, more than likely of starvation. When the boys came along a priest was there. The body of the poor woman was laid out on the street. The candles were burning and the funeral rites were being said over the remains.

When night came about half the goods had been sent out to camp. The boys all wanted to go up into the city. Sergeant Weingartl, of Co. C, Sergeant Churchill, of Co. D, and myself appointed ourselves a committee to ask permission of Col. Ham, who was in command of the whole detail. He told us that it would be impossible as the orders were that not even the officers would be allowed to go. We returned to that part of the wharf where we were quartered and found that nearly every one of the guard and baggage details had disappeared.

It did not take us long to discover where they had gone. During the day

soldiers were allowed to pass in and out at will. Experience had taught the boys that new orders would be given when the guard was changed at six o'clock. Therefore while the highly respected committeemen were interviewing Col. Ham the other fellows, to the number of a hundred more or less had quietly and effectually vamoused. We discovered all this too late, for six o'clock had come and the guard was changed and had received the new orders.

Most of the men had returned by nine o'clock. The rest straggled in from that time until midnight. One party had struck up an acquaintance with some Spanish soldiers who were off duty. They pronounced the Spaniards fine fellows.

On the morning of Saturday, the 24th the wagons were on hand early. The day was much like the preceding one.

About four o'clock I left on one of the wagons for camp. We had to pass through the city from east to west. After we had passed through the old part of the city, and reached the newer portion, we found the streets much wider and the buildings much better. When we had gotten into the western suburbs, beyond the influence of the Spanish pro-

vost guards, we saw many Cuban flags together with the stars and stripes. The people were enthusiastic and seemed gloriously happy because the American soldiers had come and would soon take the place of the Spanish troops.

On every side were interesting sights. We met two funeral processions,. The first was while we were still in the city. It consisted only of a hearse to which were hitched four finely harnessed horses. The driver was dressed in a flashy uniform and wore a three cornered hat. The undertaker, who sat on the seat with the driver, wore a similar uniform as to cut and shape, but it had no bright colors, all a somber black. The second funeral party was seen in one of the outer suburbs, and consisted of ten or twelve men, all on foot. The coffin was being carried on the shoulders of six of the men. The manner of disposing of the dead, in Cuba, will be explained in a future chapter.

I arrived in camp in time for supper. This being Christmas eve the boys indulged in much conjecture as to whether Santa Claus would visit our camp. A good many socks, such as Uncle Sam furnished at six cents a pair, were hung up.

CHAPTER X.

Christmas—Regiment Goes Swimming—We Have A Fine Camp—Graybacks—Appear.

The bugles awakened us Christmas morning. Santa Claus had failed to visit the camp. A good many reasons were given for his non appearance. Some said that the reindeer couldn't stand the climate. Others claimed that Santa only remembered good boys, and there were none in Cuba, aside from ourselves, and that he had not received notice of our departure from God's country. There were many reasons why it seemed unlike Christmas. There were no ill encrusted tree branches, no snow on the ground and consequently no pretty girls wondering if Charley would show up with a horse and cutter. The weather was as warm as a July day. Everybody was in their shirt sleeves.

Not only was it Christmas but it was also Sunday. Morning services were held in front of headquarters. Chaplain Mason preached an eloquent sermon, the text being "The Star in the East. Peace on earth, good will to men."

On our right, this is to the northeast, were camped our old friends of the 4th Virginia. On the other side of our camp was a vacant piece of ground on which

the 6th Missouri afterwards encamped. Just beyond was the town of Quemodos. Marianes was a short distance beyond Quemodos. In fact the two towns were practically one.

After dinner it was announced that the regiment would go to the beach for a swim. The opportunity for going swimming on Christmas day was too good for Hawkeyes to miss, besides a bath was badly needed. The sea was in plain sight of camp and seemed about a mile and a half distant. Soon the regiment was formed, everyone with his Krag rifle and twenty-five rounds of ammunition. With Major Clapp in command we started.

When we arrived at the beach we found a village inhabited by two or three hundred Cubans. A little bay here furnished a harbor for fishing smacks and other small vessels. Very soon after arriving the boys of the 49th were having a bully good time splashing about in "Old Ocean."

When I had got my fill of swim I put on my clothes, and taking my gun, I went to the village where I found a

mercantile establishment, which a double concentrated optimist might have been excused for calling a grocery store. In this store was a barrel conspicuously labeled "Vino." In United States talk this meant wine. What was more appropriate than that I should mark the experiences of the day by taking a small glass of wine? So producing a nickel I beckoned to the half naked clerk, and, in what had to go for Spanish said "Vino, cinco centavo, Americano monee." I really wanted to invest a dime but not knowing Spanish for ten I was compelled to content myself with what I feared would be half rations. But when a large goblet, holding not less than a pint, was handed to me, I felt that this was surely the land where milk and honey and such like abounded. I took a big swallow and discovered that it was about the sourest and most bitter substance that ever found its way to my interior anatomy.

The name of this village is Playa. In pronouncing the name you should bear down on the middle letter and make it good and broad. In the upper end of the town is an ancient looking structure built of stone. It is round and sixteen to eighteen feet in diameter and about twenty feet high. In early times it served the double purpose of a block house and a lighthouse. At night a fire would be built on its top, where it served a star of hope to the weary mariner. I think I am justified in saying he was weary, when I remember that all the natives of the island seemed to be suffering from that tired feeling."

Near the stone tower, half buried in the sand and fast rusting into nothing-

ness is an old cannon, that may have done service two hundred years ago.

A nondescript railway runs from Playa, via Quemodos and Marianeo to Havana. There were quite a number of fair residences in the village, and before the war it was quite a pleasure resort. In the little bay is an old wreck. One day I swam out to it. Very little of it remains but the iron work.

Many of the boys slipped away from their companies and soon there were many stragglers to be rounded up. Major Clapp kept his horse pretty much on the jump getting the boys into their proper places in line. We arrived in camp just about supper time when the eagle eyes of the top sergeants soon ascertained that all were present. Therefore the Major was able to retire to the solitude of his couch full of the consciousness that none of his soldier boys had been kidnapped, or poisoned or otherwise ill used by any lurking enemy, while the good little soldier boys themselves were all safely tucked away in bed by the non-coms and sound asleep ere the bugles had sounded their mournful taps. Across the angelic features of the sleepers played smiles that told of happy dreams of another land where Santa Claus never failed to visit on Christmas.

The first day after Christmas it rained all day and everybody, except guard and fatigue details, had to stay in their tents. During the time before New Year's no passes were issued.

We had six different permanent camps during our term of service. This, which was known as Camp Columbia, was by all odds the best of the six. The only drawback was in the soil. It was a yel-

low clay, and after a rain it would stick to the feet very badly. The tents were all new, and were of the kind known as hospital, with high walls. We also had good folding cots issued to us. After we had put in floors we were nicely fixed.

The only fences to be seen were of stone. They were substantially built and would have made a splendid protection in case of a scrap.

There is no better water to be found any where than in this part of Cuba. At first we had some difficulty in getting it as it had to be hauled. Afterwards it was piped to us.

We also had difficulty in getting fuel. A diary before me mentions that on the 25th we had to eat hardtack and canned corned beef for supper because there was no wood to cook with. The only fuel we ever got was shipped on the railroad, and was poor stuff.

Everyone was anxious to get mail. A few letters came on the 26th. It was sometime before mail began to arrive with any regularity. A military post-office had to be established and a force organized to handle the large mails as they arrived from the states.

My diary of December 30th mentions that graybacks are in the company. This was not the first time that these pests had made their appearance in our camp. The first time that the insects showed up was soon after we went into camp at Jacksonville. Company G was invaded by the vermin before Company D was. Shortly afterwards there was some bantering being indulged in between members of these two companies. They guyed each other unmercifully. Directly someone asked, "What's G got?"

A number of voices in D company answered, "G's got graybacks." Promptly came back from G, "You bet we have, and we are proud of it. That makes us veterans." I have heard many old soldiers say that it was impossible to get rid of graybacks. That was not our experience. Clothing infested with them if boiled in salt water always did the business. Of course there would be a man now and then who made no effort to get rid of them. There was one such in our company whose clothing was fairly alive with them. We will call him Smith because there was no man of that name in the company. Some of the boys said that these particular graybacks were well raised and that they were splendidly trained in military drill, and always executed the movements on the back of Smith's blue army shirt. One very truthful lad said he once witnessed a review by a big buck grayback that had horns. He said that as the companies marched by they put up a better "front" than the North Caroleenians could have done. One day when the company was resting from a drill, in the shade of a tree, one fellow observed Smith digging away down the back of his neck under his shirt collar, and ejaculated: "Gee whiz! Smith, why don't you get a ferret."

In the diary I find a memorandum of some of the prices that prevailed when we first landed. They are as follows: eggs, 10 cents each; butter, \$1.55 cents per pound; turkeys \$3.00 each; kerosene, \$1.00 per gallon; oranges, American money, five for 5 cents, and in Spanish money, three for 5 cents.

CHAPTER XI.

When the Spanish Flag Was Lowered—A Visit to the City And the Strange Sights.

January 1, 1899, was the day on which the Spanish authorities were to transfer the reins of government to the Americans. It was arranged that there should be a big parade. On Saturday night, Dec. 31st, forty-five rounds of ammunition were issued to each man. The orders directed that each man should carry his rifle, canteen filled with coffee, and haversack with one ration. The uniform campaign hats, blue shirts, khaaki trousers and leggins. We left camp about 7:30 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 1st. Much of the distance was over a rough by-road, which took our brigade to the north side of the city, and to a point directly across the neck of the bay from Morro Castle. All along the water front here are heavy fortifications. After resting nearly an hour we entered the city. It is impossible for me to describe the scenes which we witnessed. When I say to you that you may put together all the Fourth of July celebrations you ever saw, and then add

all the political rallies of a life time. When you have done this you will only have a very small side show compared to what we saw. Flags, both United States and Cuban, waved everywhere, and the people cheered constantly. Very often the words were in English, which the people seemed to have learned for the occasion. "Hurrah for America flag," was most often heard. It was my fortune to be chief of the platoon (we were marching in column of platoons) to which the color guard of the 49th was attached. When the colors appeared the people seemed to go crazy. I saw old men and women who had suffered many cruelties inflicted by Spain, with tears of joy coursing down their cheeks. We marched fully twenty miles, fifteen of which was through streets lined with people, and there was the same noise and hurrah, the whole distance. Did we answer their cheers? You who were not there should have heard us. One fellow, who had a voice that caused angels to

weep and strong men to swear, was hoarse for a week afterwards. We wished that all of Iowa could have been with us. It was worth the long march and a good share of the hardships we had endured.

There were lots of pretty girls, and there would have been more if so many of them did not powder their faces so much. Whenever a bevy of these girls were to be seen the boys would give three cheers and a tiger. It was the tiger that caught them. They had never heard anything like it.

This was the first occasion on which we had seen Gen. Lee since we had been in Cuba. It must have been a proud day for him, for it will be remembered that one year before, when he left Havana, where he had been Consul General, he promised to come back with an army.

When we got back to camp we were all very tired. It had been a great day, although I am afraid some of the boys did not fully appreciate its full significance. There were always a great many of the boys who simply couldn't see the serious side of army life. If they did see it they refused to let it influence them very much. It is better so. The fellows who were full of life, as a rule, failed to get sick. Other men who put in a portion of their time worrying saw more or less service in the hospitals.

During the two days following the ceremony on the 1st, it rained. On the fourth it was clear and most of the time was put in building floors for our tents. The paymaster also appeared and paid off the regiment.

After January 1st, a limited number of men from each company were allowed to go to the city in charge of an officer. On the first Sunday following the big parade, Lieut. Crawford chaperoned six enlisted men, of which the writer was one. As early as possible we proceeded to the depot at Quamodos, near our camp, where the lieutenant politely informed the ticket agent that we wanted tickets to Havana. The agent fired back a lot of Spanish talk, all the time waving his arms in the air. This is characteristic of all Spaniards and Cubans.

Tie their hands behind them and they are as dumb as an oyster. After much difficulty we learned that the fare was thirty cents in Spanish money, or twenty three cents in United States currency for the round trip. We boarded the cars and were soon under way to the city. The train was made up of first, second and third class cars. The first class were a little more comfortable than a freight car caboose in this country. The third class have plain board seats without backs. The coaches are built on the same plan as the passenger coaches of this country, but are dilapidated affairs.

When we arrived in the city we found that we must walk a distance of a mile or two before we were in the business center. We might have rode in their street cars, but one look at those back numbers satisfied us that walking was to be preferred. The street cars are not exactly patatial in their furnishings. Mules furnished the motive power. So we walked. We soon learned that we had done the right thing, for on every side was something new. The people,

the buildings, and every thing in fact were strange and interesting. On the streets everywhere were men and women offering for sale a very few useful articles, and many, very many, other articles that were entirely useless.

Provost guards were to be found on every side. The very best order prevailed everywhere. I did not see a drunken man all day, although liquors were sold in all of the numerous cafes, and each had placards on which was printed, in both English and Spanish, an order of General Ludlow, the military governor, forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors to soldiers. The order was obeyed to the letter. Although Havana is a large city its business houses are small. The drug stores are apothecary shops, pure and simple. No patent mediciness and no glass bottles for liquids, only white porcelain jars. There were no numerous show cases filled with toilet articles and the like. A cigar case in a drug store would be a nine days wonder. Although small, some of the stores are elegant. In one portion of the city the narrow

streets are entirely covered with awnings stretched from buidings just above the first floors. This gives a unique appearance to the streets and is very pleasant on hot days.

Prices were apparently high, but it is because they were always quoted in Spanish money. They would give us prices in United States money, but the difference usually did not equal the difference in the value of the two moneys. In order to be safe it was best for us to get our money exchanged into the Spanish article. For that purpose we entered a "Cambio de moneda," or money exchange, where we got fourteen dollars Spanish money (less twenty cents for exchange) for a ten dollar bill. This place would have interested an Iowa banker. It was about twenty feet square. A counter without screens divided the room. On the counter was a show case with a display of money. Behind the counter was a large safe and a man whose only words were, "Me no speak English." This was a bank or money exchange, and fairly represented in appearance all others we saw.

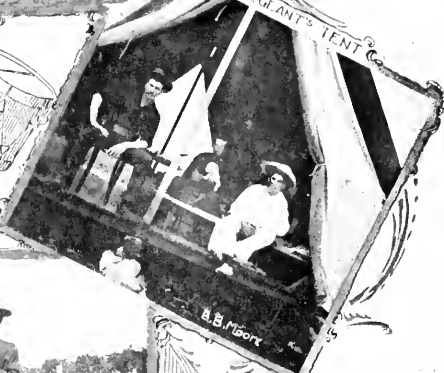


L.W. BROWN



THE DOGS & MONKEY AT PLAY

MELVOLD



THE FISH MERCHANT'S TENT

B.B. BROWN



SOLDIER SOOTHING
NEAR

A HUNGRY CHILD
HAVANA

W. PINNS



L.W. BROWN



MELVOLD & NELSON

CHOO PHOTO ENGLAND



18
CO. STELLI IN SAMANAI



19
CO. STELLI IN SAMANAI



20
CO. STELLI IN SAMANAI



21
CO. STELLI IN SAMANAI



22
CO. STELLI IN SAMANAI



23
CO. STELLI IN SAMANAI

JUST AT QUARTERS

FOOT BALL PLAYERS



J.H. Montgomery

CHURCH



J.H. Montgomery



J.H. Montgomery



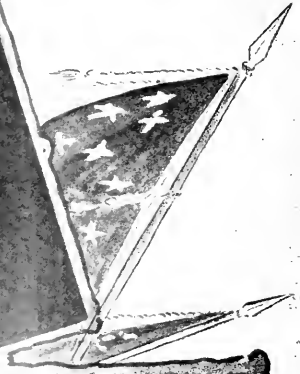
J.H. Montgomery



J.H. Montgomery



MAKING CAKES



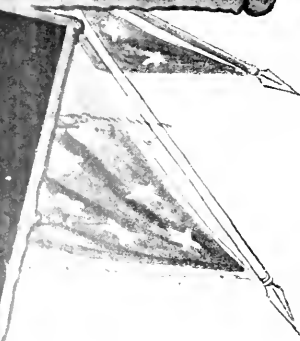
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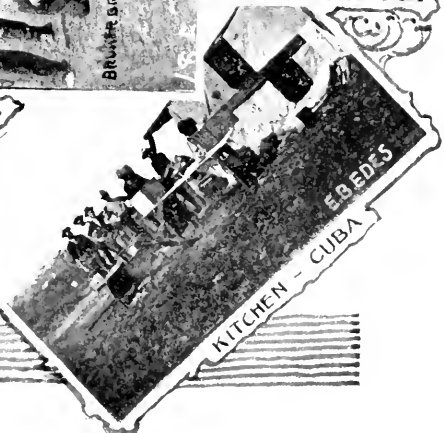
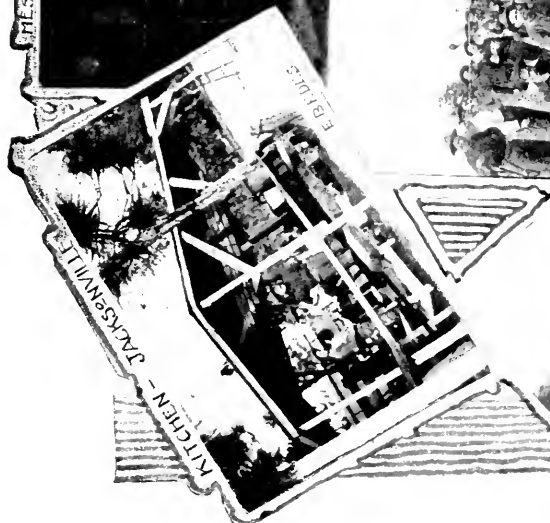
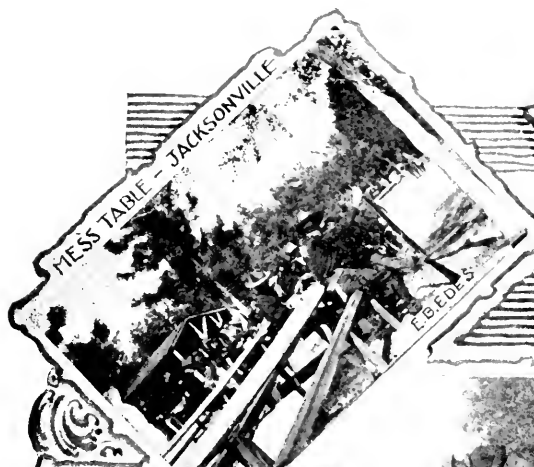
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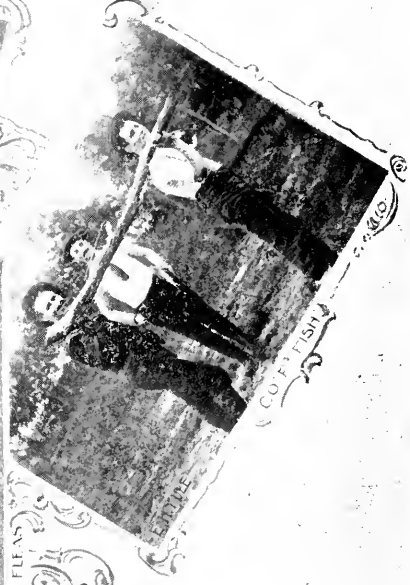
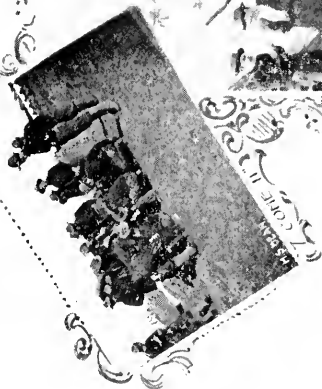
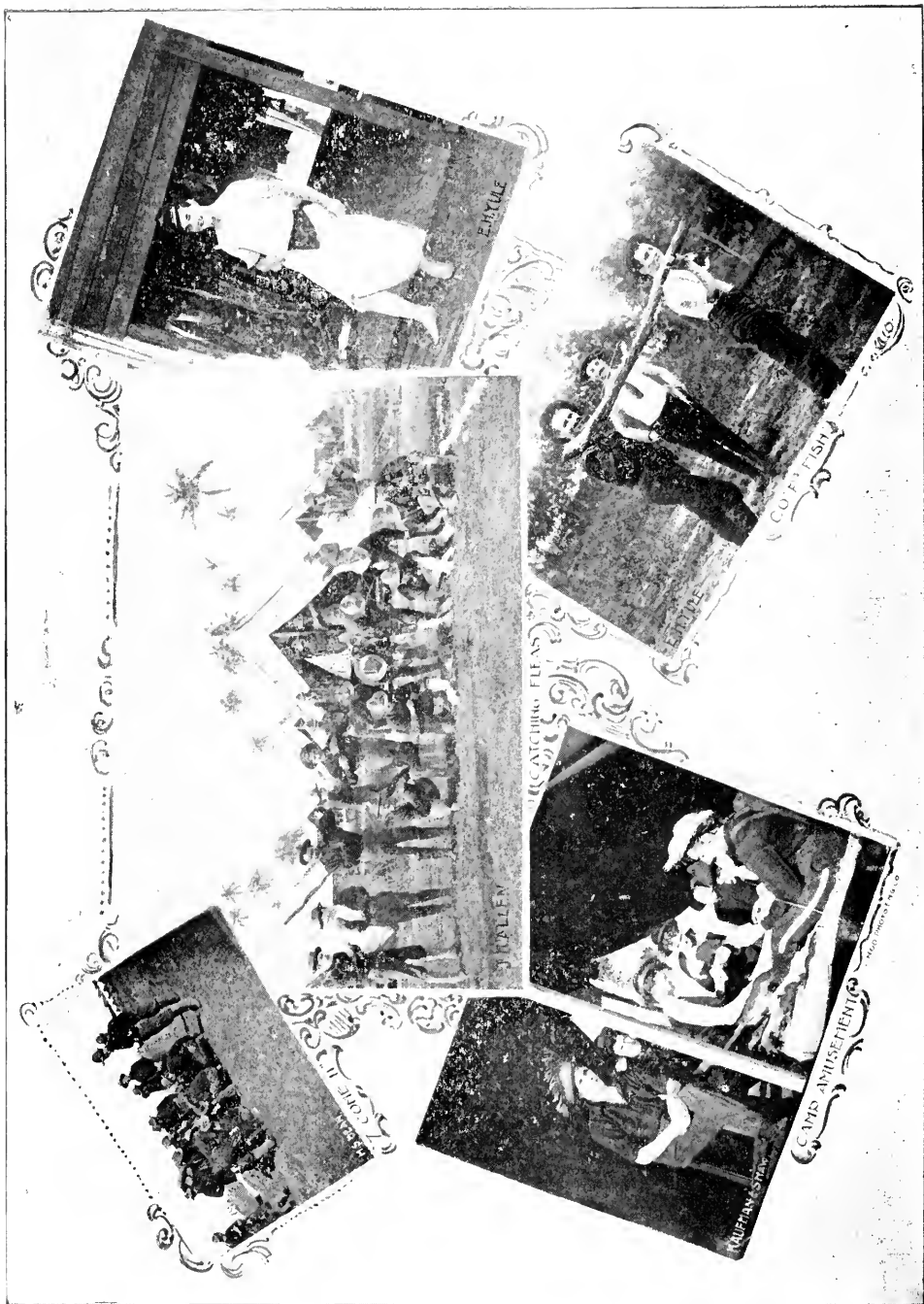


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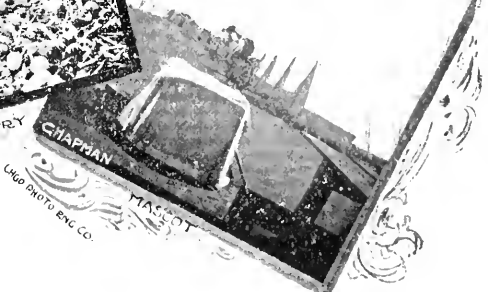


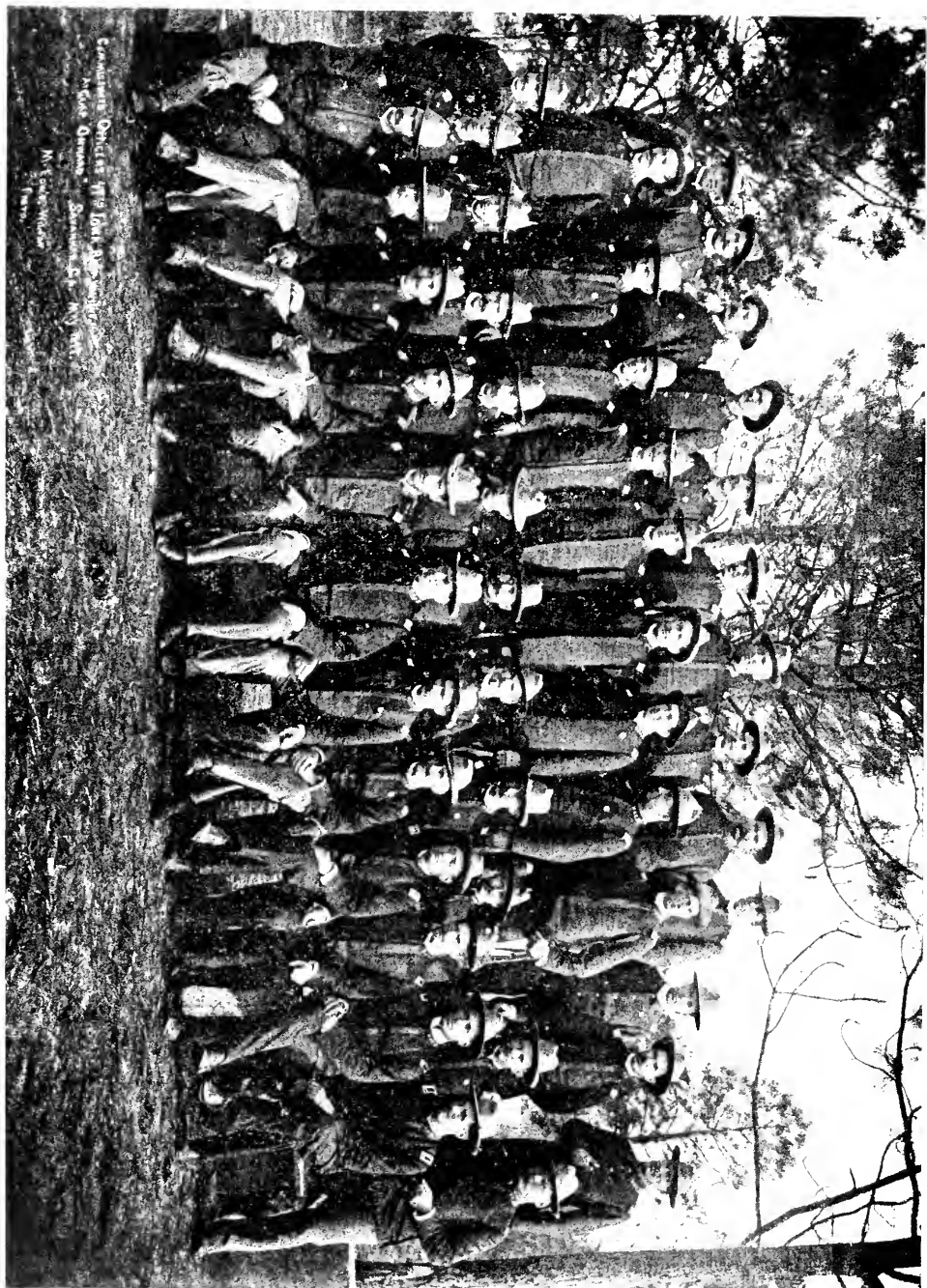
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CHAPTER XII.

Pineapples and Bananas Shut Out—Senoritas Visit Camp— Cuban Funerals And Cemeteries.

About the middle of January orders were issued against soldiers bringing bananas and pineapples into camp, and another order directing that the floors in the tents should be raised, and still another order prohibiting visits to cemeteries without a pass for that purpose. The first two orders indicated that Col. Dows was enforcing rules that should have been in vogue in every regiment in the army, but which is too often neglected in volunteer organizations. About the time we would get comfortably settled in camp, with floors in our tents, along would come an order to raise the floors eighteen inches and to sprinkle lime on the ground underneath. Nearly everything had to be whitewashed once a week. The floors had to be scrubbed three times a week while we were in Cuba. A solution of carbolie acid was put into the water used in scrubbing.

The policing of the camp was an important daily duty. Details of men, usually under command of a corporal,

went over the ground every morning with a fine toothed rake. They were required to pick up every little piece of paper etc, even if it was no larger than one's thumb nail. In this way the general appearance of the camp was always neat and clean.

The boys used to kick about the rule prohibiting the bringing into camp of bananas, pineapples etc., although they recognized the necessity for it. Of course the rule was violated, and such things had to be smuggled in. The consumption of these articles was reduced to a minimum. The army ration is the best food a soldier can have. Other things used to excess are more likely to cause disease in the army than at home. Hence the reason that pineapples, bananas and melons were forbidden. The adherence to sanitary rules pays and it may be said that the 49th had a splendid reputation in this respect.

The order against soldiers visiting cemeteries was issued because certain

depredations had been committed by some soldiers. These depredations consisted principally in removing artificial flowers with which many of the graves were decorated. Guards were placed at the different cemeteries, after which no more trouble was reported.

It was announced one day that an entertainment would be given at the big tent, commonly called the Y. M. C. A. tent, on that night by a number of Cuban *senoritas* from the city. It is needless to say that there was a big "house." My recollection now is that there were three young ladies, all sisters, and their brother and two other young men, one of whom was an American Baptist minister located at Havana. The Cuban young people were the children of a native Baptist minister. I believe his name was Diez. At all events it was said that his church was the only protestant organization in the city. The oldest girl and her brother had been teachers in Havana. Their object was to organize a class in Spanish. This was done during the evening, a large number "enlisting," with the expectation that the pretty *senorita* was to be the teacher of this particular class.

The entertainment consisted of a speech by the preacher, who was from "No'th Ca'liny" and said "you all" twenty-seven times by the watch, a talk by the young Cuban and singing by the *senoritas*. All the songs were in Spanish, except one; the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung in English, or what had to go for English. Had you heard it you would have admitted that it was the most thoroughly mangled piece of bunting you ever knew.

Among the many things that interested us were the funerals and the way they dispose of their dead. There are no long funeral processions in Cuba as in this country. If the deceased was well to do a fine send off was given him. The coffin was put into a magnificent hearse drawn by a fine pair of horses. The driver and undertaker, both of whom wear a uniform with a three cornered hat, mount the seat and drive away to the cemetery, where the remains are buried. If the late lamented had been prominent and accounted a great leader, then a big parade is had. Sometimes several hearses are driven in the parade as in the case of Gen. Garcia. At his funeral, which occurred while we were in Havana, ten horses were used to draw one hearse.

In the case of the middle classes, if the distance to the cemetery is not too great, the coffin is carried on the shoulders of the pallbearers. It is no uncommon sight to see little funeral processions of this kind. If the family of the deceased is very poor no coffin is used. Sometimes that article is rented until the grave is reached, where the body is taken out and buried, and the coffin returned to the undertaker to be used again.

One day some of the boys of the 49th were at a cemetery near our camp, when an undertaker's cart drove up to the potter's field, just outside the walls of the cemetery. The driver and the gravedigger took the body of a woman from the cart. The woman was enshrouded in a single garment—an old dress. This was removed, and without a single stitch of clothing, the body was literally

dumped into the grave, which was then filled up. There is no explanation to offer for the removal of the dress. It may have been the only compensation for the grave-digger.

The funeral, or dead carts, were queer looking vehicles. Mounted on two wheels was a box shaped affair, about three feet wide, six feet long and two and a half feet high, with a door in the rear end. Cross bones are painted on each side. These carts are used for the poor people.

In the city of Havana were dead carts used to haul the dead paupers. It was no unusual thing to find corpses lying upon the street. These bodies and those of other paupers, taken out to Colon cemetery and left at the "Casa del Muerte," or house of the dead.

One day several of us concluded to visit Colon cemetery, on the outskirts of Havana, wherein we had previously learned were interred the remains of those who had perished when the Maine was blown up. After a fatiguing tramp of several miles across creek and meadows, through thickets and brambles, and up and down the grassy slopes of numerous hills, we at length reached the famous old cemetery which was named in honor of the world's most famous navigator—Christopher Columbus, or Cristobal Colon, as Spanish speaking people call him. It is a queer institution, this old burying ground of centuries, about a mile in length by three-quarters of a mile in width, inclosed with a fence or wall about fourteen feet in height, with alternate panels, probably forty feet in length, of thick, sculptured stone and heavy ornamental iron grating. The

gates were locked, but that did not deter us in the slightest, for we soon found a loose iron bar in the wall and each of us succeeded in squeezing through. Then we started upon our tour of observation, and it is needless to add that it was a very thorough one before returning to the camp.

Not very far from the place in the wall through which we had gained admission to the cemetery we found a large pile of skeletons stacked up beneath a tree, and close to it were a number of workmen engaged in the pleasant and cheerful occupation of disintering others and adding them to the collection beneath the tree. Nearby a fire composed of rotten coffins burned sullenly and polluted the atmosphere with the fumes of its sickening smoke. We silently stood by and watched the workmen labor at their gruesome task until their shovels brought up to view the livid and distorted features of a badly decomposed corpse; then we sloped.

We met a citizen before we had gone very far from the trench and fire and pile of bones, and in reply to questions he stated that burial lots in the cemetery were so dear that only the wealthy could afford to purchase them outright; that when a poor man died his friends rented a grave for him at so much per annum, and that when the rent was left unpaid for a certain length of time the remains were disinterred and thrown upon the bone pile and the grave leased to another occupant. It seemed to me to be a most cruel and monstrous custom to dig up a man's bones and stack them up under a tree just because his friends are too poverty stricken to pay the rent on a two by

six plot of ground. As I muse thus the thought occurs to me that man is the only animal who will wilfully and intentionally disturb the dead of his own kind, and that despite his veneering of culture and civilization he is every bit as much of a brute at heart as any other member of God's animal kingdom. As I looked at the great piles of bones and grinning skulls, I said to myself: "These were once filled with life. That skull, perhaps, once cradled a brain that dreamed of schemes for the betterment of mankind, and for the liberation of an enslaved people. That small one undoubtedly belonged to some prattling child who never knew the trials and sorrows and troubles of its elders."

Near the middle of the cemetery we located the two humble mounds beneath which repose, in their last sleep, the bodies of those who went down with the Maine. You would not know the graves unless someone pointed them to you, as was done in our case. A cheap wooden cross, with a simple inscription in Spanish painted upon it, is all that had been done to indicate the place.

We then visited the Casa del Muerte, or dead house, connected with the cemetery, before returning to camp. This is located at the southern gate. Our curiosity prompted us to learn the manner in which Havana disposed of its pauper dead, which in recent years has been very numerous. An obliging cemetery employe, whom we met at the gate, in reply to our questions concerning the dead house, kindly volunteered to pilot us to and through it. Through a long, low, rambling stone building, filled with a numerous assortment of rooms—for

the house is inhabited by the many cemetery employes as well as Havana's dead paupers. Some of the rooms were used as kitchens, dining rooms, bed rooms, parlors, offices, storage rooms for the effects of the unknown dead or coffins for the reception of the wealthy and more aristocratic who die in their own beds, stables for horses, granaries, buggy and hearse rooms, the entire heterogeneous collection massed beneath a common roof. Our guide led us to the grated door of the casa del muerte and politely motioned for us to enter. We did so and in an awed manner looked around upon the scene of death. Along the center of a low room, twenty feet wide by fifty feet long, were standing a row of heavy tables with two or three long, shallow, narrow, coverless oaken boxes resting upon each, and in these boxes lay the remains of human beings like ourselves, whose breasts were once sentient with the throbbings of health and hope. Although as naked as when they came into the world, you could see nothing of the dead save the head, hands and feet; all other portion of the frame were concealed beneath thick little heaps of quicklime, for this was the local mode of practicing cremation.

The casa del muerte is both a morgue and a crematory, and the reason why the faces of the dead are left uncovered by the chemical so long is because the authorities hoped that someone will come forward to identify the remains of the unknown before the final process is adopted; and also because the head and feet yield more quickly to the corrosive effect of the chemical than any other portion of the frame. If no one claims

the corpse, within a certain length of time, quicklime is heaped upon the head, feet and hands, and after its disintegrating work has been completed the skeleton is removed from the house and thrown into a deep pit close by the cemetery, to keep company with the thousands of others, which have preceded it. Some of the cadavers were almost destroyed, in others the process was only half completed, while still others were evidently new arrivals, for the quicklime heaped upon them was pure and white, as though it had just been placed there, as was evidently the case. Lying in one corner of the room in all positions.

where they had been unceremoniously dumped out of a dead wagon a few minutes previous to our arrival, were the remains of five or six paupers found around the city that morning. They were still covered by the rags in which they had died, and were awaiting the process of cremation.

When our eyes had taken in all the room and its lugubrious details we decided to return to camp, for we had seen enough horrors for the time being. In years to come even the sight of an innocent lime barrel will be sufficient to conjure up to our minds a vision of the *casa del muerte* of Colon cemetery.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Big Spring—Insane Asylum—Female Soldiers—Eight Days March Into the Interior.

One day during the latter part of January, the Second Battalion hiked to the springs. Filling our canteens with coffee and our haversacks with grub we left camp early one morning. From Marianao we went south. Three or four miles out we came to a big sugar plantation with its big mills. From this point we followed the railroad, and as there is no wagon road here, we were compelled to walk on the track. About ten o'clock we arrived at our first stopping place, the big spring, which is the source of water supply for Havana and is sixteen miles from that city. The spring, or several springs, are enclosed within an immense stone wall about thirty feet high. The water is conducted through a tunnel from this enclosure. The tunnel passes under a deep and rapid stream. Two block houses are standing on high ground near the spring. A guard is kept here all the time. At the time we were there Company B had twelve men doing the guard duty.

A large insane asylum is located not far from this place, and was visited by a number of the boys. I was told that there were over a thousand inmates a few years ago, but that starvation and death had reduced the number to about two hundred.

At one o'clock we again started on the march, intending to go to camp by another route. This covered a distance of about twelve miles. We passed over what had at one time been a prominent thoroughfare, but was then grown up in grass. Although it was a hard march no one regretted it, for we saw lots of things we could have seen in no other way. We passed a number of places that had, at one time, been magnificent plantations. At one place the buildings were occupied by a number of families. What had once been a fine lawn, or park, with fountain and summer house, had been plowed up and a fine crop of tobacco was growing. Apparently not more than one acre in a hundred was in

cultivation. Those things we saw growing were pineapples, oranges, bananas, tobacco, sugar cane and one or two small fields of pretty poor corn, as viewed from an Iowa standpoint.

One day I visited the Cuban hospital, which is located on the road about one mile beyond Mareguero. This hospital was only for those who had been wounded. Most were flesh wounds, but there were several pretty bad cases. One man had been shot through the head and was getting well. Two were boys only thirteen years old. About two thirds of the patients were negroes. Everything was clean and seemed to be in good shape.

In a Cuban camp, a few miles from our regiment was a company, numbering forty or fifty, composed entirely of women. They had been through the entire war with the Spaniards, and had participated in all the discomforts and dangers. Their leader was a young woman, whose mother was murdered by the Spaniards. Before that time I had always doffed my hat to the fair sex because they are good to look upon, and are handy to have around, when one is hungry, or begins to "hanker" for his flannels when the winter winds begin to howl. Since then I have other reasons for endorsing the sentiment of "long life and eternal sunshine to womankind."

One Sunday, while in the city, I visited the battle ship Texas. A sailor showed us over the entire ship, from upper deck to the lowest point in the hold, where the boilers are. We examined, with great interest, the places where the vessel had been struck by the Spaniard's big bullets when Servera tried to escape from Santiago harbor. The places had

been so skillfully repaired and painted that a landsman would not notice them unless his attention was called to them. The crew consisted of about four hundred officers and men. Visits to the shore were very rare. Captain Phillips, who commanded the ship at Santiago, was well beloved by the men, who said that he was a fighter. The commander of the ship at the time we visited it, was Captain Sigshoe, who went down with the Maine. He was not so well liked.

On February 20th our brigade, consisting of the 4th Virginia, 49th Iowa and 6th Missouri, started on what is generally known as "The March." We expected to start Saturday the 18th, but on Friday orders came changing the time to Sunday. It rained hard all Saturday night, which caused a postponement to Monday morning, the 20th. This time nothing interfered and we started at 8:30 o'clock. Every man, except those detailed with the wagons and the commissioned officers, carried his rifle, bayonet, belt with twenty five rounds of ammunition, canteen filled with coffee, haversack with mess outfit and grub consisted of bacon and bread or hard tack as each man preferred. After the first day however the option narrowed to hard tack and bacon or bacon and hard tack. The most bulky as well as the most contrary burden was our blanket rolls. This is made by first spreading out on the ground the half of a dog tent. On this is spread the blanket. The rest of the outfit, consisting of tent stakes, change of underwear, etc., is then distributed along the middle. The whole is then tightly rolled up and tied with strings. It looks something like a huge

bologna sausage. The ends are tied together and it is put on like some lodge regalias. I don't know just what the whole business weighed but before noon I would have sworn that mine was as heavy as a horse. Of course I don't mean a Clydesdale but just a common sized critter.

For the benefit of those who never saw an army on the march I will explain how the column was made up. First of all came "Uncle Henry," (Gen. Hasbrouck) our brigade commander, followed by his staff, orderlies and bearer of the brigade colors, all on horseback. Next was an ambulance with the headquarters equipment. After this came the three regiments in following order: 4th Virginia 49th Iowa, 6th Missouri. Each regiment was formed in the following manner. First the colonel followed by his staff and mounted orderly; next comes the band, followed by the different companies. The men march in columns of four with the file closers on the right. We marched through Marianeo at attention, with bands playing and flags flying, but as soon as we arrived at the outskirts of the town Major Blocklinger commanded "Route step, march!" Immediately guns were shifted to the left shoulder or carried over the shoulder by the straps, and talking began. "What did you talk about" you ask. Well, I can hardly say, but most generally someone was getting joshed proper. No jollier crowd ever went picnicing. At 10:20 we stopped for a few minutes rest. At 11:55 we made a 45 minute stop near a banana grove for rest and grub, and at 12:30 we filled our canteens with water from a large tank which each regiment had for that pur-

pose. At 2:40 we turned to the left and pitched camp in a hay field. Everybody was tired and hungry. As soon as the wagons came up fires were built and the cooks were busy getting supper. I forgot to mention that the wagon trains were in the rear of the last regiment. Each regiment has its own train. Each company had two four-mule wagons to carry the grub, wood, cooking outfit and officers tent and baggage. As we carried ten days' supplies we had big loads. The day had been hot but the road was very good being a turnpike. Our direction had been southwest and the distance traveled was sixteen miles.

Tuesday morning we broke camp at 8 o'clock and were soon on the road. After going about three miles we struck a village. Here we left the turnpike and went due south. The road was very bad, stony and not much traveled. We soon passed through another village. The houses, many of them built of bark, were all covered with thatch, except a block house which was covered with tile. After passing through this town we stopped two hours and had dinner. The boys foraged a little here and soon came back loaded with oranges and cocoanuts. Our guide said it was only three miles to San Antonio, where we were to go into camp for several days, but the distance must have been measured with an elastic chain, for it was the longest three miles I ever knew. It was a very hot day and about a mile out of the town I fell out and went to grass where I staid only a few minutes. I had lots of company, in fact the ambulances were crowded. I fought shy of those vehicles and trudged along until I caught up with my regi-



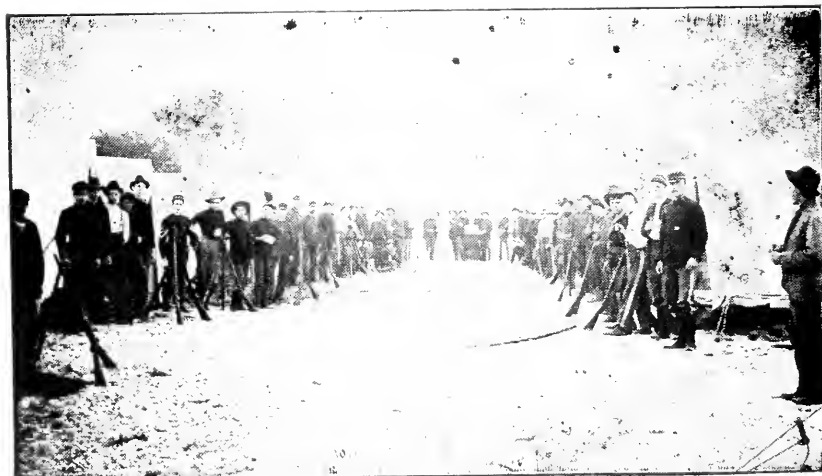
COLOR SERGEANT AND GUARDS.



THE THREE GRACES.



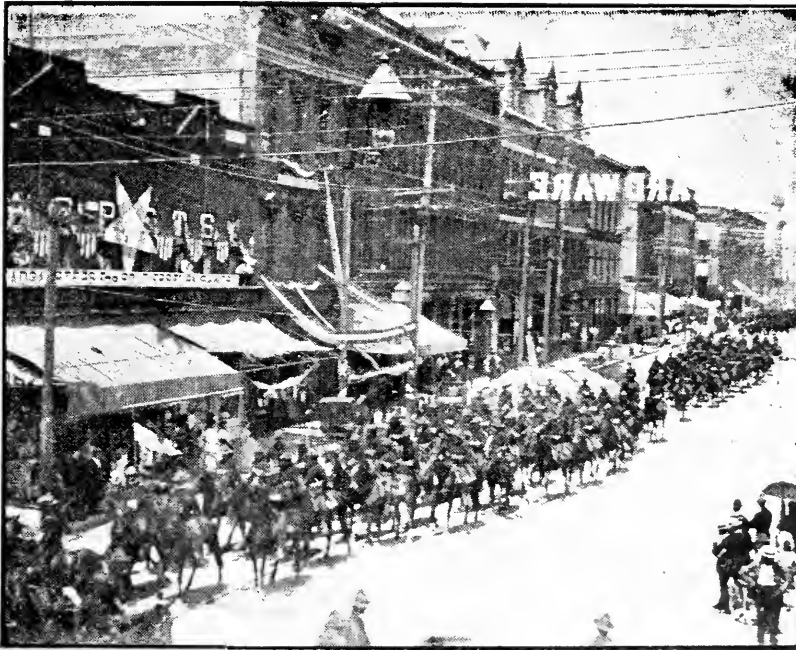
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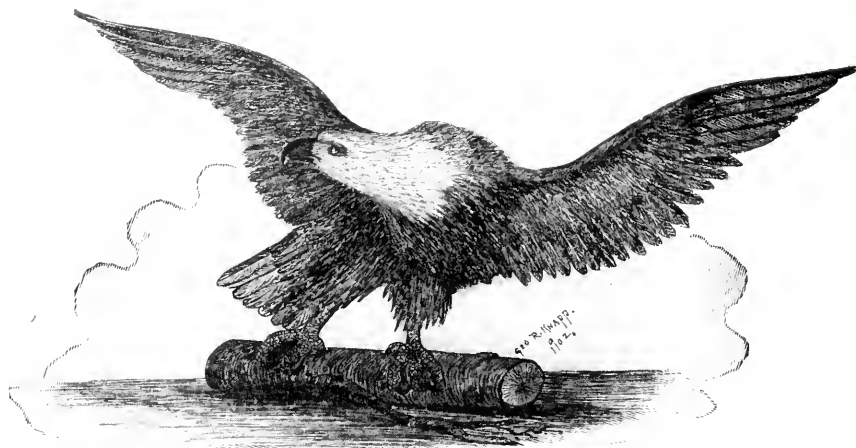
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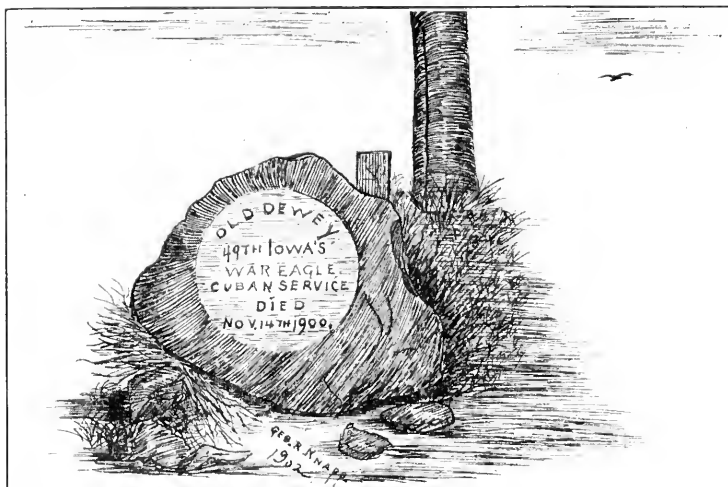
CAMP COLUMBIA, CUBA.



TORREY'S ROUGH RIDERS.



OLD DEWEY, THE 49TH WAR EAGLE.



OLD DEWEY'S BURIAL PLACE AT VINTON.

ment where it had halted just outside the town. We had the lead on this day. We marched through the town with banners flying and bands playing and went into camp just north of town, the tireddest lot of fellows who ever wore out shoe leather on a rocky road. Supper over we crawled in our dog tents and staid there until 8 o'clock when we had to turn out to call roll.

Wednesday morning, the 22nd, we were permitted to lie in bed until six o'clock. I soon espied a grocer's delivery wagon which apparently had but recently come from the states. Its owner was a Cuban who had spent most of his life in New York and but two months before had returned and opened up a grocery store. It is useless to say that he did an immense business. While here I bought our bread and condensed milk of him and we had one cabbage dinner. This being the anniversary of Washington's birth, passes were given to all and we visited the town. San Antonio has about 8,000 inhabitants. Like all the towns in Cuba, except the very small villages, San Antonio has one-story houses built together. Among the poorer classes everything is very dirty.

Among the better class it is very different. The people were all very friendly and whole families visited our camp every evening. They were all anxious to learn English and the children were making good progress in that difficult language. At every doorway little children salute us with "goo' bye." I was accosted by a bright little fellow at one of the better class houses. We learned that he could not speak English but could read it and understand it. The

entire family, consisting of one or two other children, a very pretty young lady and a nice looking, motherly old lady, all gathered about the door and we were soon in the midst of a lively conversation carried on mostly by signs. Before leaving I was presented with a beautiful flower. The presentation of flowers is very common and is intended as an evidence of good will.

The 23rd was put in as days generally are in Camp Columbia, except that the first battalion took a hike of several miles. On the 24th our battalion went to Alquizar, a town about seven miles from San Antonio. The inhabitants had evidently seen but few Americans. Two of our ladies, Mrs. Major Blocklinger and Mrs. Major Clark, were there and attracted great attention.

The 25th was the last day spent in camp. In the afternoon Gen. Hasbrouck reviewed the brigade. This was done to impress the Cubans. In fact the whole trip was for effect, and in that respect was satisfactory. On this evening more Cubans visited our camp than usual. A good many people here lived in Tampa and Key West during the war and can speak more or less English. After retreat our band gave a concert until dark when our visitors left with many expressions of good will, which sentiment was heartily endorsed by the soldiers. Jollity prevailed everywhere. In one of the Missouri companies the boys placed a lighted candle on top of their dog tents. As the tents are only about three feet high it was soon noticed and everyone proceeded to do likewise. The night was dark and the scene was most beautiful all over the brigade. On the

east side of our camp a number of persons got together and forming a line held their candles in a position to form the word "Iowa" It was greeted with cheers from other regiment.

Some very fine stone is found here. It is very soft when first taken from the ground and can easily be cut with a knife. After being exposed to the air it hardens.

Early Sunday morning we broke camp and started on our return by another route. We passed through Ricon a small town on the railroad. At noon we stopped for dinner after traveling eight miles. Soon after resuming the march we passed through Santiago de Vegas, a town of several thousand inhabitants. From this point we had a turnpike to travel on until we got to Camp Columbia. During the afternoon we passed through a village called La Cubana. About five o'clock we arrived at Calabazar on the railroad where we went into camp. As soon as the tents were up we all went swimming in a stream which ran alongside our camp. The water in all the streams I saw in Cuba was good and as clear as crystal.

Monday morning, the 27th, we started on what we knew was to be our last day out. As the wagons had been considerably lightened, a good share of our loads were hauled into camp. As we were nearing Havana the number of villages increased. We passed through the su-

burbs of that city. An incident occurred here which shows the irreverence of the average soldier and his quickness in perceiving a sham and his readiness to unmask it. Whenever a high official appears it is the duty of the first man seeing him to call out "attention, men! here comes General so-and-so." On this occasion we had stopped in the suburb known as Jesus del Monte, for a rest. There being but few street car lines the city is full of cassettes which carry passenger to the various suburbs. One of these vehicles, on the front of which was painted the words "Jesus del Monte," came along. Its only passenger was an old fellow whose self importance was dazzling to all beholders. As soon as the casket appeared someone immediately sang out, "attention, men! here comes Jesus."

Just before getting to our own camp we saw Gen. Lee standing by the roadside closely scrutinizing every man as he marched by. Soon after one o'clock we got back to the old camp.

Taking it altogether, the trip, which had lasted eight days, was a success. The weather had been good, there being but one rain and that was not heavy. We had seen lots of new things. Cuba has a bright future if those half breeds called soldiers will turn their hungry looking ponies out to graze, throw away the machette that continually dangles at their sides and go to work.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the Circus Came to Camp—Why Rastus Didn't Buy A Chicken for the Chaplain.

For a week in February a circus show held forth in Camp Columbia. Of course it was well patronized. Some of the boys attended the "services" every night, and it made little difference to them whether they had money to pay the admission price or not. If the price was not at hand they crawled under the tent in the good old fashioned way. Of course there was a provost guard. There always is whenever the soldiers congregated in any large numbers outside of camp. The guard on this occasion was composed of men from the First Texas. A young scamp was in the act of crawling under the tent when he was espied by a guard, who said "You-all stop there." The language of the young scamp was very reprehensible, indeed. He directed the attention of the guard to a place not on the map, but which, according to the good old orthodox idea, has existence, and is said to possess a very warm climate. The guard answered with a shot from his Krag and the bul-

let struck an F man in the leg. Immediately there was an uproar. The 49 h men wanted to mob the guard who had done the shooting and of course the 4th Virginia men helped in the matter.

Word was sent to Col. Dows and he ordered the regiment, or that portion of it not at the show, to fall in under arms in the company streets. This was done to prevent the men running down to the show and thus increasing the disorder that already prevailed. We did not know that at the time. Somebody said that the Cubans had started an insurrection. This did not seem improbable since that it was well known that there was considerable unrest among them for some reason. Besides it had only been about two weeks since the Filipinos begun a war against the United States army. There were many laughable occurrences on this occasion. One patriot, unable to find a match, was rummaging around in the dark trying to find his leggins, and his gun, and his belt. He

was in a hurry and he was mad clear through. He was heard to say: "If they want to fight why the hell don't they fight in the day time?" In the meantime the guard from the nearby regiments were hurried to scene of action and the difficulty was soon settled. When this had all been done the companies were dismissed, and peace once more reigned in Cuba.

A story of the 49th would not be complete without something about "Rastus." Rastus was a young negro about eighteen years of age, rather bright, but the "orneriest" coon that ever "ducked" when work was in sight. His home was in Des Moines, and while the regiment was at Camp McKinley he "hired out" to Captain Jaeggi. I believe that Lieutenant Ham also shared the responsibility of being Rastus' boss. I cannot say that the following story, which Rastus told himself, is true, but I will give it for what it is worth.

One day the chaplain met Rastus and said: "Rastus, do you know where you could get a chicken for us."

"Now look here, Mr. Mason," said our colored brother, "jest 'cause I'm a nigger I aint goin' to steal chickens fo' no preacher."

"I don't want you to steal it, I want you to buy one. One of the boys is sick and he can't eat army grub: I want to buy a nice fat hen for him. Do you think you could overcome your racial prejudices in the matter and pay cash, providing I furnish the money?"

"I felt sorry for the poor soldier boy," said Rastus, telling the story afterwards, "and I told Mr. Mason that I would buy a hen or die in the attempt." So the

chaplain gave me forty cents and I started out to locate the domicile of some poultry. Of course it was my luck, when I turned the first corner, to find a bunch of corral niggers shooting craps. Now, I jest nache'ly can't stand it to heah no man say, 'seven, come eleven,' without guttin' mightily interested. So I got in the mixup right away. The first time I lose ten cents. The next time I lose ten cents moah. Then I began to git scared and said that I would play twenty cents and git even. I would then go and buy the hen. I played and win. Now I saw that my luck had changed, and I thought that my time had come to win a stake. I kept playin' until all the chaplain's money was gone. That was about an hour ago and I have been busy dodgin' the chaplain. "Say," continued the troubled darky, to the listener, "do you suppose the chaplain would let me off if I told him that I intended all the time to let him have half of the winnings?"

He was assured that it was hardly probable that the chaplain would care to act as his backer.

One evening about dark, Ra got into an argument with two of the boys about ghosts. The boys insisted that there were such things, while Rastus stoutly maintained that there was nothing in it. Said he: "You can feed that kind of stuff to them southern niggers we saw in Jacksonville and Savannah but you can't make me believe anything of that kind: I'm a Des Moines nigger and I don't take in no ghost stories."

Just then a certain non-com came up and one of the boys said: "Say, Sergeant, Rastus denies that there are such things

as ghosts. What do you say about it?"

The sergeant said that Rastus was mistaken, and, after talking about all sorts of uncanny things, admitted that he himself was a medium who could call up the spirits of the departed, but that he did not want the fact generally known. Of course he was urged to give an exhibition of his powers. Rastus joined in the urging, but said that he didn't take any stock in the matter. The sergeant led the way to his tent, the soldiers all the time maintaining a most serious air. It was a very dark night and every thing was quiet in camp, so that things were favorable for a spiritualistic seance.

Arriving at the tent a candle was lighted and the sergeant seated himself at the cracker-box desk, put his hands on the top with his two thumb nails pressing each other firmly, and with a far-away look in his eyes, began wrestling with the spirits. Now it must be known that anyone can produce rappings by pressing his thumbs together and moving them slightly. If his hands are resting on the top of a table, or other object that is a good conductor of sound he can thus produce a popping sound, especially if everything is quiet.

After two or three minutes of perfect silence the sergeant was heard to say, as if to himself, "There are so many of these Cubans, who were killed by the Spaniards, in the old building near our guard house that it is difficult to get control of any one spirit." Now Rastus, together with everyone else had heard the story about the killing of forty Cubans at this place, and the remark had the effect of placing the ghost proof darky in a proper frame of mind to appreciate what was to

follow.

After waiting a few minutes longer the sergeant said; "If there are any spirits present that desire to communicate with us they will answer by 'yes' and 'no'. If your answer to my question is 'yes' you will rap; if it is 'no' you will not rap." The following dialogue then ensued between the medium and the spirits:

Question "Is there a spirit present that, in life knew anyone now present?"

Answer. "Yes."

Question "Did you know this medium?"

Answer, "No."

Question. "Did you know Rob Gilchrist?"

Answer. "No."

Question. "Did you know 'Bench' Kagley?"

Answer, "No."

Then turning to Rastus the sergeant, in a trembling voice, asked: Rastus, what is your real name?"

And Rastus, in a voice still more trembling, answered: "John Allen."

The medium then turning his attention to the spirit said:

"Did you know John Allen?"

Answer. "Yes."

Then turning again to Rastus the sergeant asked: "Did you know anyone who is now dead?"

With chattering teeth the darky said: "M-m-may-b-be it is my gr-gr-grand fa-fa-father."

It is not necessary to continue this any further, except to say that Rastus was so badly scared when the seance was over one of the boys had to go with him to his quarters.

After returning from the march the

regiment again took up the regular camp duties. Most of the men had already visited the principal points of interest. Time hung heavily on our hands, and the principal subject talked about was the probable time of muster out.

Some time during the latter part of March the 4th Virginia left for the states. As it was not thought that we would again see them our entire regiment went over to visit them the night before they broke camp. The next morning the 49th escorted them to the train. We were sorry to see them go.

Some time before this Gen. Hashbrouck was relieved from the command of our brigade and was sent to the western part of the island. Being the senior colonel in the brigade, Colonel Taylor, of the 4th Virginia commanded until his regiment left, when Colonel Dows succeeded him. This left Major Clapp in command of the regiment as Lieut. Col. Ham was in Iowa on leave of absence.

One night, just before leaving Cuba, several companies experienced a smoke-out. Everybody had gone to their tents and were engaged in reading or writing, and in some cases playing cards. Some fellow would say, "I smell smoke." "So do I," another would exclaim. Then they would see the smoke coming from the bedding, apparently. They would throw things out and look for the fire but could never find it. This occurred in a number of tents in several companies. Afterwards it was learned that a number of mischievous chaps had got some smoke producing material, and firing it, would slip it under somebody's tent and await developments. It was said that a certain captain, whose name was Allen,

was at the head of this conspiracy.

On the evening of April 1st orders came for the 49th to get ready to leave for the states. Immediately there was great rejoicing. The band serenaded the entire regiment, after which a great crowd gathered in front of headquarters where speeches were made in celebration of the good news. The wise ones refused to join in the rejoicing, claiming that the report was only an "April fool." Like many other wise men they were wrong.

On April 4th orders were received for six companies to proceed to Savannah, Georgia, on board the transport San Antonio. The next day companies F, H, K and C, composing the first battalion, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ham, left the harbor of Havana and proceeded to the mouth of the Savannah river where they went into quarantine camp on Daufuskie island. As this is not intended as a history of the regiment but only my own recollections, I am unable to give further account of the doing of this detachment until after we joined them at Savannah.

On April 8th the other companies of the regiment, with headquarters and band, and also the entire command of the 6th Missouri broke camp, and went to Havana, to go on board the steamship "The City of Havana." The baggage detail went with the wagons, which carried the baggage, there being about eight wagons to each company. All the rest of the officers and men went to the city by train. It was understood that the regiment that first got its baggage to the wharf would be the first to load. Therefore there was a great deal of hustling, and as usual the 49th won the

race.

We arrived at the wharf before noon and were compelled to wait until night before all was loaded. The ship started for God's country at five o'clock next morning. I did not wake up until we were well out at sea and in two minutes I was the sickest man that ever breathed. I had plenty of company for nearly

everybody was in the same condition.

It is impossible to describe one's sensations when seasick. I thought that my time had come, and when the boys asked me what word I wanted to send to my family, I instructed them to report my demise, but not to lie about it by saying that I died happy.

CHAPTER XV.

Four Days Experiences With Detail at Quarantine Station—An Historical Spot.

When the steamship, City of Havana, left Havana, Cuba, at five o'clock Sunday morning, April 9th, 1899, she had on board the entire regiment of the Sixth Missouri and six companies of the Fortyninth Iowa; and also the headquarters and band of the last named regiment. She was a fast boat and arrived at the mouth of the Savannah river at eight o'clock of the evening of April 10th. We there learned that we would have to stay in quarantine for five days. The ship went to anchor in the river a short distance above the fumigating station. Not a soul on board knew a single thing about the process of fumigation, but that did not prevent many reports to be in circulation about what they would "do to us."

Early next morning the ship drew up to a wharf, or dock, which was out in the middle of the river. Immediately after breakfast I was detailed with six men from Co. G to stay, with like details from other companies, to unload the ship,

while all the other troops from both regiments left the ship on lighters towed by tugs. They went to be fumigated. Later in the forenoon we saw them going on steamboats to Difuskie Island which was said to be six miles distant. In addition to the details from the 49th were as many men from the Missouri regiment

One who has never seen a steamship can have no idea how much merchandise one will hold. All the quarter-master and commissary stores, and all the personal belongings of the officers and men of both regiments, were in the hold and we had to unload as there were no stevedores in sight. The first thing to do was to unload the officers horses. Col. Dows horse was the first to make the trip. The horse was put in a sling which was attached to a rope, that was connected to the steam derrick. At the words "go ahead" the lever was moved and Mr. Horse went flying up through the hatch and considerably above the upper deck. The derrick was then swung around and



PRIVATE HENRY BECKER, Co. A; died at Savannah, Ga., January 3, 1899, from injuries received from falling down open hatchway of transport, December 23, 1898, Havanna harbor Cuba.

PRIVATE CHARLES LOBDELL, Co. A; died September 22, 1898, of typhoid fever.

CORPORAL FRED E. WILLIER, Co. B; died October 13, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE DANIEL A. MILLER, Co. B; died October 27, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE GEORGE W. VAN LOON, Co. B; died October 2, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE FRANK E. WREN, Co. B; died September 30, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE DAVID M. McCORD, Co. C; died October 5, 1898, of typhoid fever.

CORPORAL WILLIAM J. RUDISILL, Co. C; died March 28, 1899, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE GEORGE S. BLOOD, Co. D; died September 21, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE GIRD M. CRASPER, Co. D; died September 28, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE FRANK H. RUBENHAGEN, Co. D; died September 4, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE OLIVER R. WALLER, Co. D; died October 23, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE WILL E. DORMAN, Co. E; died September 20, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE CHARLES HELMICK, Co. E; died September 5, 1898, of malarial remittent fever.

PRIVATE ALONZO L. HARTMAN, Co. E; died September 10, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE EDWARD W. LIZER, Co. E; died August 24, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE FRANK J. MCKRAY, Co. E; died October 13, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE OTTO E. NELSON, Co. E; died October 20, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE MORSE A. WOLCOTT, Co. E; died September 23, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE JOSEPH CREVIER, Co. F; died October 26, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE ARTHUR D. CRIST, Co. F; died January 16, 1899, of inguinal hernia.

PRIVATE HARRY H. STAININGER, Co. F; died October 5, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE CLARENCE F. WARREN, Co. F; died October 23, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE JOSEPH R. WILSON, Co. F; died September 27, 1898, of typhoid fever.

FIRST LIEUTENANT GUY KELLOGG, Co. G; died August 21, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE CLARENCE DEARMIN, Co. G; died October 28, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE EMIL C. FRAHM, Co. G; died October 5, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE HARRY W. KERLIN, Co. G; died October 9, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE WILLIAM E. SPEER, Co. G; died September 25, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE IVAN E. SHOTWELL, Co. G; died January 9, 1899, of appendicitis.

PRIVATE CLAUS HANSON, Co. H; died August 24, 1898, of typhoid fever.

CORPORAL JAMES T. FURNESS, Co. H; died September 11, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE MILAN H. KEELER, Co. H; died October 22, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE EDWARD KLOSTEMANN, Co. H; died February 20, 1899, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE GUS MOSIER, Co. H; died February 23, 1899, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE OLE LUNDSTRUM, Co. H; died March 9, 1899, of intestinal hemorrhage.

SERGEANT ALBERT M. STEWART, Co. I; died August 25, 1898, of typhoid fever.

CORPORAL FRANK M. RUPP, Co. I; died September 15, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE JOSEPH M. BASTEN, Co. I; died September 14, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE JOHN E. CHAMPLIN, Co. I; died October 12, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE MICHAEL DEEGAN, Co. I; died November 9, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE HANS E. ENDESTAD, Co. I; died September 30, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE OLE H. EVENSON, Co. I; died October 20, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE FRANK C. TRUMBULL, Co. I; died September 23, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE THOMAS L. WILSON, Co. I; died September 5, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE GEORGE LENDRUM, Co. K; died September 7, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE ALLAN E. GORDON, Co. K; died September 13, 1898, of acute Bright's disease.

PRIVATE ALBA A. ISBELL, Co. K; died March 18, 1899, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE WESLEY S. KLINE, Co. K; died September 27, 1898, of typhoid fever.

FIRST LIEUTENANT GEORGE M. MICHELSEN, Co. L; died September 6, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE HENRY C. HANSEN, Co. L; died October 4, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE ROY A. HUMPHREY, Co. L; died September 24, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE HERBERT R. ROMAN, Co. L; died October 15, 1898, of typhoid fever.

MUSICIAN LOYAL ATHERTON, Co. M; died September 27, 1898, of typhoid fever.

PRIVATE MAEHEH H. COLLINSON, Co. M; died November 30, 1898, of ulcerated enteritis.



COLONEL BRYAN VISITS GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.



READING THE NEWS.



THE HURRY-UP WAGON AT FROVOST HEADQUARTERS.

the horse was suspended 30 or 40 feet above the water. He was then lowered to the lighter, on which he was taken to shore. One can only imagine the horses' fright. He was perfectly helpless and kicked his legs in vain.

When we went on the detail we had expected to stay only 24 hours, so we kept out rations for one day, and travel rations at that. It consisted of a can-teen of coffee, some hardtack and a can of corned beef. We worked all day and until two o'clock at night before every thing was unloaded onto the dock and the lighters. We then went to bed. Early next morning we had to get off the ship as it was to leave immediately. We stood on the wharf and watched the great ship move away. Then we began to wonder when a tug boat would come after us. Then we began to get acquainted with the Missourians and found them to be pretty nice fellows. The sun became hot and then hotter. About noon we discovered, upon comparing notes, that we were out of rations. We looked through the stores on the wharf and found plenty of hardtack and that was all. One of the 6th Missouri boys said that their colonel's private mess outfit was on the wharf somewhere if it had not been lost. Everyone being anxious lest it was lost began looking for it. It was found. A council of war was immediately called, and giving the matter mature and careful consideration for about thirty seconds, or at least eight or ten seconds anyway, it was decided to confiscate the chewable articles. Good and sufficient reasons controlled our actions throughout, and were as follows:

1st. The colonel was a regular army

officer and therefore the stuff should be confiscated.

2nd. Among the stores were canned peaches, canned cream, sugar, breakfast bacon and other things, all of which were too good for an officer; therefore they should be confiscated.

There were other reasons for the confiscation, not least among which were 25 or 30 very hungry men. There had been about a hundred altogether on the detail but the others had gone to camp early in the morning.

There was no coffee to be found. This was surely a bad showing for the colonel. A common soldier must have coffee. The hospital steward of the 6th Missouri said that he believed there was some French boullion among the hospital stores. It was found, and with it was a supply of whisky in quart bottles. It had been bought for the sick, and as the surgeons occasionally get in that condition, the quality was good. The first impulse of the Iowans was to throw the liquor in the river, but the Missourians outnumbered us. Besides they put up a strong argument for its retention. They told us how we were all liable to get malaria, and whisky was the best known remedy. Besides were we not out on this wharf, in the mouth of the river, with the great waters of the mighty Atlantic surrounding us. In the unknown depths of these waters were awful monsters—sea serpents particularly. Would any reasonable man deny that there was great danger of these serpents biting us. Was it not true that this same Kentucky dew was the best known remedy for snake bites. These arguments were unanswerable, at least by soldiers from

prohibition Iowa.

What should we do for water with which to boil the boullion? Fortunately the tide was going out, and the fresh, though muddy, waters of the Savannah had reduced the salt of the sea to a brackish taste. By adding some of the colonel's sugar and condensed cream, and a few drops (only a few, remember) of the hospital liquor, we compounded a substitute for coffee. We feasted like kings and ate like wolves, for had we not been living for several days upon travel rations and sea sickness.

Being just from Cuba we were well supplied with good cigars. Lighting these we sought the shady side of the piled up stores, and there lying on our backs with half closed eyes we watched the curling smoke, from the fragrant Havanas, until it mingled with the great, lazy, floating clouds framed in the blue sky above.

When we had finished our after dinner siesta we put in the time in organizing a provisional brigade. Lieutenant E. R. Moore was unanimously elected brigadier general. The 6th Missouri's big Q. M. Sergeant was elected colonel and everybody else got a commission. Lieut. Machemer, of Co. C, who was acting as regimental commissary of the 49th, wanted to be Chaplain, but as he didn't know anything about horse trading it was decided that he was not qualified.

About four o'clock a tug came with a lot of negro stevedores on board. They had a lighter on which was loaded all the stores from the wharf. We expected to be taken down to the fumigating station, but were disappointed, as orders

had come directing us to stay where we were until next morning.

We again allowed hunger to overcome our scruples and supped on Colonel Hardeman's rations. I may as well state here that nothing was ever said about our use of the colonel's grub. I suppose he would have done just as we did had he been in our place. It has always been a well recognized principle that soldiers will eat when hungry, providing there is anything digestible to be found, regardless of who is the owner.

Night having settled over us we rolled our forms in our blankets and contentedly went to sleep with only the blue sky, studded with sparkling stars, for a roof, and the hard floor of the lighter for a bed. However we had been roughing it for a year, and slept soundly, only waking when daylight came. Speedily converting an empty hardtack can into a basin, we soon "washed up," and combing our hair with our fingers, we were ready for breakfast, which the self appointed cooks soon had made.

We did not have to wait long for a change. A tug soon towed us to the fumigating station. This was Thursday morning and we had been at the wharf, in the middle of the river, since Monday night.

Arriving at the wharf of the fumigating station we found an immense amount of government stores on lighters. There were a large number of gangs of men each consisting of one white man and four negroes. The white man wore a big metal badge, which set forth, in clear cut letters, the fact that he was an inspector. His haughty bearing indicated, beyond question, that he fully appreci-

ated the importance of his position, and expected us common mortals to promptly apologize for daring to breathe in his presence. However his efforts in that direction were all in vain, for the devil-may-care manner with which those graceless scamps, the boys, appropriated the surroundings to their own use and comfort, soon caused Mr. Inspector to confine his authority to the darkies.

This inspector reminds me of a story the boys tell on a member of the 49th who was best known in the army as "Benchlegs." Now when we first went into the service we all had to learn the "General Orders," and the officer of the day or the officer of the guard never failed to ask each sentinel if he knew them. As the recruit had spent half the night before memorizing these particular orders he generally knew them all right, but new to the service and having a sort of a hazy idea that the wearer of shoulder straps was at least a second cousin to a duke, he naturally forgot them. After a little while he could recite the orders to the entire satisfaction of the most exacting officers in the army. When the boys had all learned the duties expected of them, when on guard, they were not questioned on this point. They knew the General Orders just as well on the day we mustered out as they did a year before when they memorized them, but they couldn't have repeated them correctly, according to the text, if the guard house had been the penalty for failing so to do. One day, near the end of the service, Bench was walking his post "in a military manner," when a certain captain, acting as officer of the day, appeared Bench promptly presented

arms, expecting that the captain would pass on. But no such luck. He came up to where Bench stood. That individual brought his rifle to a "port" and, with due humility, awaited the will of his superior. The captain quickly said, "Do you know General Orders?" It was a surprise to Bench, though he didn't say so, and pretending to be half scared to death with his knees knocking together, his hands trembling and his gun shaking he stammered, "N—No sir, I—I know General Lee and General Hasbrouck and a lot of these other generals running around here, but I don't know General Orders." The captain knew he was being guyed, and turning on his heel he left the spot without another word.

We knew we would have to stay at the fumigating station until our baggage and belongings of all kinds were inspected and fumigated. We hoped to get through on this day (Thursday) and return to the regiment by night. We soon learned that we would be disappointed in this respect. Like the pioneer fathers going to mill, we had to wait our turn. The time was put in in various ways. A good deal of "gassing" was indulged in. One question, that had become chronic in the regiment, was again thoroughly discussed. It was about when we would be mustered out. When the argument had waxed warm, I suggested that we would probably get out by the middle of the week, which suggestion was not deemed worthy of attention.

Seeing that I was not likely to be a very conspicuous figure in the contention I borrowed a pipeful of tobacco of one of the boys and then sought a quiet nook on top of a lot of stores, where I could

take in all the surroundings. Over yonder, just a little ways, are the dull, weather beaten walls of old Fort Pulaski, named in honor of that soldier of fortune, but none the less patriot, Count Pulaski, who gave his life at the siege of Savannah, only 18 miles away, just 120 years ago. I cannot help thinking that had I been here 266 years ago I could have seen Gen. Oglethorpe and his expedition just entering the river on their way to make the first settlement in Georgia, at Savannah. Two years later I might have seen the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, accompanying Oglethorpe on his second expedition to Savannah where, a little later, I might have attended the first Sunday school organized in America. Then I realize that this is an historic spot and that these shores have silently witnessed many scenes of interest to every American. My eyes wandering once more to the fort, my mind takes a leap of more than two hundred years and I see the stars and stripes lowered and the traitor's flag, the stars and bars, is flying to the breeze. For four years the fierce conflict of the great civil war rages, and I see coming yonder thousands of ragged, footsore marching men with the starry banner in the van. It is Billy Sherman and his bummers just completing their "March to the Sea." I mingle with them and I see faces that are strangely familiar. Ah! Now I know they are the same men who yearly meet in reunions. Thirty-five years makes great changes in their appearance. I go up the river a few miles and see the old brick Fort Jackson, garrisoned by four companies, and in their youthful commander I recognized the

present grizzled Captain Henry M. Wilson, of the 28th Iowa.

Awakened from my reveries by the smell of frying bacon, I hastily join my comrades at supper, when they nonchalantly explain, in response to my inquiry as to where the grub came from, that they "stole it from the 3rd Kentucky over on that lighter." The 3rd Kentucky. Why that regiment is composed of the sons of the men who followed the fortunes of the stars and bars thirty five years ago. And they, like ourselves, have just returned from a foreign land, where they have carried the stars and stripes in its mission of extending the blessings of liberty and freedom. Surely this is a queer world of ours.

When we had finished supper someone suggested that we put up a tent to sleep in. Plenty of material being at hand we soon had up a large hospital tent on a clear spot on one of the lighters. Having been used to every luxury during the past year, we felt that we should have a carpet. A tent fly was soon spread. Some of the boys had seen a lot of bedding consisting of silk covered pillows with beautiful monograms, which had evidently been worked by the fingers of somebody's sweethearts: portable mattresses; patchwork quilts, that would have dazzled the eyes of even a pampered and perfumed dude. It was all piled up on the wharf, waiting transportation to the building where it would have to undergo a dry steam fumigating process. It belonged to the officers of some other regiment, and in some way was soon being distributed inside our tent. Candles had been secured somewhere and somehow.

It was a happy family gathered in the tent. There was Lieut. Moore, the regimental quartermaster, and commander of the detail. His clerks and regular standbys were Jack Waychoff, Bill Hasty and Quimby. This was a great trio. The first two were characters in their way. Jack was known as "the noisy man" probably because he never said anything unless spoken to. His vocabulary was limited but rich. He industriously chewed his own tobacco and was an old bachelor. Bill was big and noisy and much given to expletives. He was greatly pleased when he was detailed from his company to the quartermaster's department, for "now" he said, "I can take a chew of tobacco without asking permission of the captain." Another advantage was that he didn't have to get a pass to go out of camp when he wanted to do "a little cussin." Then there were Sergt. Churchill, of Co. D; Sergt. Bankston and Private Fowler, of Co. B; Sergt. Holcomb and Corporal Sellars, of Co. M; Sergt. Raymond, of Co. E; Sergt. Hundly and Privates Tracy, Dovan and Booth, of Co. L; and Corporal Dand and the writer of Co. G. Sergt. Major Townsend was there to look after the headquarters baggage; and hospital steward, Dr. Haerling, kept an eye on the hospital stores.

Early next morning we waked up and rolling our blankets, we cooked and ate our breakfast. After this was done we proceeded to our work. This work consisted largely in keeping an eye on the inspectors and their negro helpers while they inspected and fumigated our belongings. Our object in keeping an eye on them was to see that they didn't disturb things too much and especially to

prevent their stealing anything. Seeing that they were not likely to get to swipe anything the colored brethren tried begging. One of them asked me to give him a pair of old shoes. I told him that I would be glad to do so, but in this case, I couldn't as these particular shoes had belonged to Gen. Maceo, and were the ones he was wearing when he was killed by the Spaniards. Now Gen. Maceo was not only the greatest of all Cuban fighters, but he was a negro, a fact which every coon knows. Our Mr. Darkey's eyes popped out, and hastily dropping the shoes (from which he more than half expected to see the ghost of the dead Maceo emerge) he moved away quickly.

The process of fumigation was very simple. Each inspector had four helpers, one to open the boxes, one to take out the contents, one to sprinkle them with the "dope," and one to do the repacking. The "dope" looked like water but smelled different. In fact, the smell had staying qualities.

The boys of the 6th Missouri detail, with whom we had fraternized while at the dock in the river, had been separated from us, since coming down to the fumigating station, by the orders of a lieutenant of that regiment. We all regretted this as we had found them to be fine fellows. I do not know what was the lieutenant's object, but I believe it was nothing but pure cussedness and a vain desire to parade his authority.

It was the general desire to get through with the work and join the regiment on Daufuskie Island. Every man must go through a fumigating process at the building on the hill, according to the rules, and so far as I know the rule was

rigidly enforced. But rules didn't apply to this particular detail, therefore there was a general desire not to be fumigated. The most innocent looking chap in the outfit—one who looked like he might have been a candidate for the ministry before he donned the blue—was selected as a sort of steering committee in the matter. Along in the afternoon, when the chief mogul among the inspectors happened to be near, Mr. Innocent remarked to a comrade that he was "glad that we had been fumigated with the regiment, for we could go to camp just as soon as our work was done." It worked like a charm.

When the work was completed, at just before night, we were permitted to go aboard the steamboat, which was to take us to the island. We had only got on board when a man came running down and said that our stuff had been through the steam fumigating process and that we could have it. Now the facts were that we didn't have anything of the kind, but we were all polite people and didn't want the fellow to think that we doubted his word. So meekly following him we soon came to a big boiler looking affair about ten feet in diameter and lined on the inside with steam pipes. It was cooled sufficiently for us to enter, and there we found more than a wagon load of quilts, pillows, camp chairs and many other articles that had evidently contributed to the comfort of many officers, and some of the articles were fine enough to have even belonged to the gorgeous Gen. Miles. None of it belonged to anyone in the 49th, but we did not want to dispute the word of the inspector, so we promptly took as much of the best arti-

cles as the fifteen of us could carry. When we arrived at the camp with our booty the boys wanted to know whether we had robbed a female boarding school or a summer hotel.

The steamboat soon started and made its way amongst a lot of islands to the camp on Daufuski, a distance of six or seven miles, where we arrived about eight o'clock.

Before we got into camp we agreed that we would tell the boys that their cigars had all been confiscated by the revenue officers. Everyone had packed in their boxes at least one box of fine Havana cigars and some of them had a number of boxes. When we got into camp the boys all gathered around and wanted to know what condition their "things" were in, and were especially anxious about their cigars. We told them that every cigar was taken by the revenue officers, but that they would be permitted to redeem their smokers by paying the duty, which, according to our tell, was about \$2.00 a box of fifty. Immediately there was a loud and prolonged kick from the whole regiment, for the boys from the other companies had told the same story.

Having returned to the regiment the story of the detail is ended. We remained on the island two days longer, and on Sunday, April 16th, went on a steamboat to Savannah, where we went into Camp.

When the six companies of the Forty-ninth left the quarantine station they proceeded to Daufuskie Island and went into camp very near the sea. The island was quite large and was generally level, there being no hills. The population

was evidently small, consisting principally of negroes. There were two or three good houses probably used by summer residents of Savannah. Near our camp was a fine beach on which guard mounting was held every morning.

The first night in camp was so much colder than we had been used to that some of the boys built fires in the company streets. One of the most interesting and amusing sights seen during the service was a guard mounting by the 4th Tennessee. I didn't see it but I was told that the drum major, who was about seven feet tall, conducted his band to the parade ground, and during the ceremony of inspection he went to one side and sat down at the foot of a tree. Every feature of the ceremony was almost as amusing.

The six companies which had preceded us from Cuba had served their five days on the island and gone to Savannah. On Sunday morning, April 16th, just one week after leaving Cuba, we went aboard the steamer Stafford and proceeded up the river to the city. We disembarked at the wharf on the east side of Savannah and marched out to the old camp ground which we had left four months before. The 161st Indiana occupied the ground where our former camp had been and we moved on to the ground which had been the camp of the 4th Virginia. That regiment was just east of us in the old 6th Missouri camp.

We remained in this camp for almost a month when we were mustered out. Time hung heavily on our hands; discipline was somewhat relaxed. The men did not need written passes when they

wanted to go to town or elsewhere.

This section of the country had experienced a severe winter and for the first time in years there had been snow. The negroes had suffered much, and many of them had no food. Hundreds of them, principally women and children, visited our camp at meal times to beg for the scraps that was left from the mess tables.

One evening some of the boys asked me to attend a cake walk and swell ball which was to be given by the elite of East Savannah, a small town near our camp, all the inhabitants of which were negroes. As it was my last opportunity to participate in any social affair in the sunny south I decided to go. We went to the town and asked to be directed to the hall where the festivities were to take place. We were informed by a man, whose bearing indicated that he belonged to the bon ton, that it was not customary for society people to gather until about nine o'clock. He pointed out the hall, a one story frame building about twenty feet wide and thirty feet long. Soon after it was opened the crowd gathered. A motly crowd it proved to be. About half were soldiers all others being negroes of all ages. Across one end of the room was a counter made of a board laid on two barrels. On it were a number of sandwiches and a keg of beer. Two meek and humble followers of the flag approached the old colored woman, who was stationed behind the counter, and asked for two glasses of beer to which request the old woman responded:

"No, sah, you caint have it: we don't sell it, sah."

The boys back-stepped to a corner where they watched the proceedings. Soon they observed a young darkey pay five cents for a sandwich, whereupon the old woman gave him a glass of beer. The boys drank but little of the beer, but it wasn't because they didn't want it. It was because nearly everybody was broke. I don't think there was two dollars in the whole crowd.

From the whisperings that went on about me I soon learned that plans were being laid to capture the beer. I induced the boys, however, to give up the plan.

About this time a young negro, seeing I had more white on my sleeves than any one present, said to me:

"Is you-all goin' to stay to the ball?"

I informed him I was and asked him how much it would cost.

"Ten cents a piece, sah," responded the dusky son of the south.

I asked him how much it would amount to for twenty men.

"I can't rightly say, sah, but I'll have the secretary figgah it up, sah."

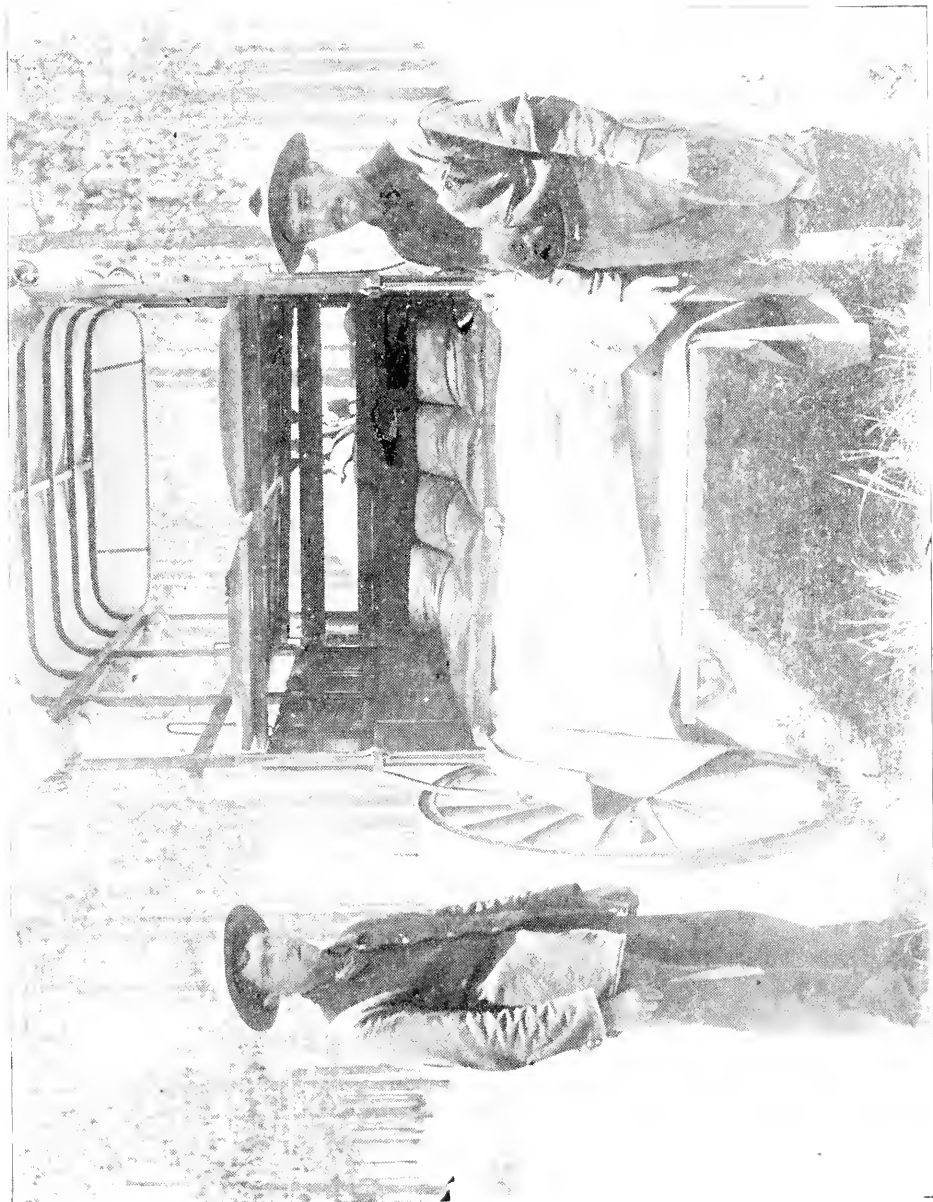
Evidently the secretary was not strong on multiplication, as he has not presented his bill to this day. The dance, however, was interesting, but it cannot be described.

For sometime before the muster out arrangements were being made, among ourselves, as to the route we would take in going home. All wanted to go to Chicago and over some route we had not traveled in going south. The railroad companies had relieved us of all trouble in the matter by selecting the roads over which we were to travel. We were to be taken through Alabama and Mississippi thence north by way of St.

Louis. A kick was immediately and emphatically registered, as this was exactly the route we didn't want selected. Before this each company had appointed a committee on transportation. These committees visited the railroad offices but were unable to get any satisfaction. We then decided to ask Col. Dows to help us out. This he cheerfully consented to do. With the colonel as chief spokesman about a dozen of us made an attack upon the enemy's work. The ammunition used was a goodly supply of pretty warm words. The railroad men threw up all their hands and not any too gracefully slid down the pole.

John H. Parker, a First Lieutenant in the regular army, had charge of the mustering out of the 49th. He was an infantry officer but he had been deeply interested in machine guns and was considered an authority on the subject. He was known as "Gatling Gun Parker," because of his having had charge of all the guns of that kind in the operations about Santiago. It was said that he went to Cuba without orders. It seems that he was in charge of several gatling guns and a detail of men to man them at Tampa. He was not attached to any particular command. When the orders came for General Shafter to move his command to Santiago Lieutenant Parker went along, though he had no orders to do so. Of course he did the right thing, for his guns were needed in Cuba and they were not needed at Tampa. He was afterwards a major of volunteers in the Philippines.

Colonel Dows was beautifully taken in a few days before we left Savannah for home. The officers of the regiment had



HOSPITAL AMBULANCE.



EARLY SUNDAY MORNING



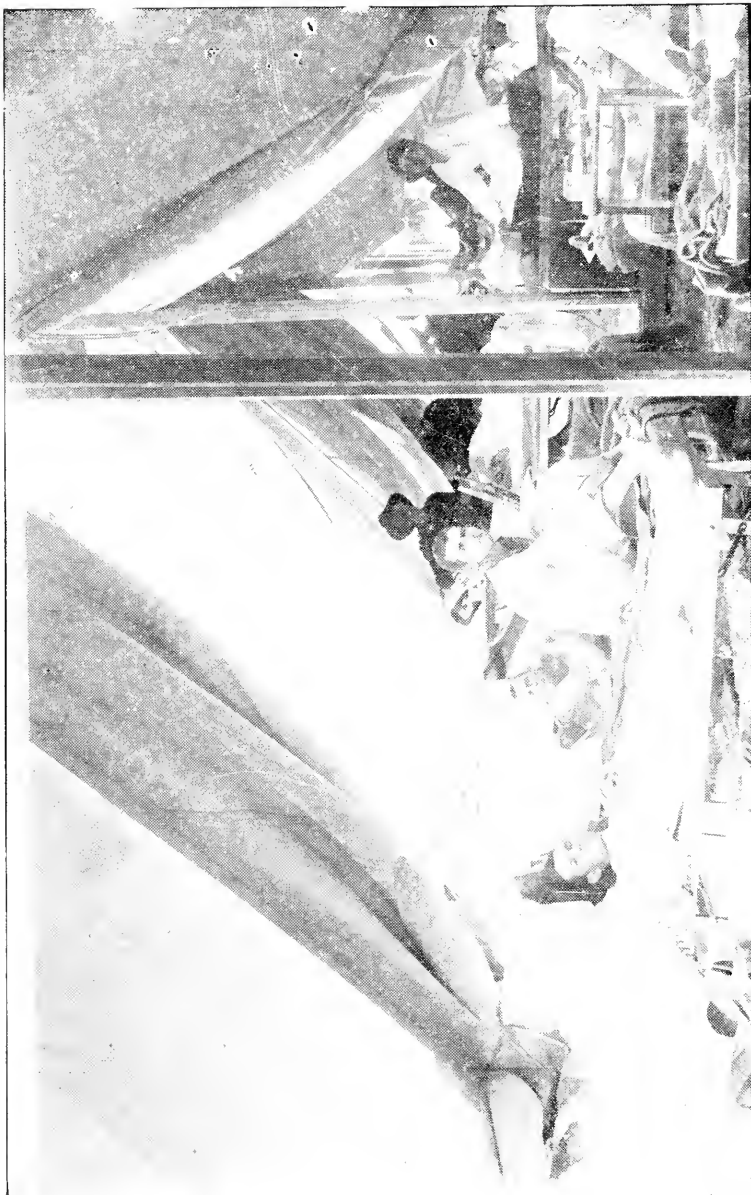
SHE WANTS WASHING TO DO.



LOAFING.



THEY LIVE IN DOG TENTS.



DIVISION HOSPITAL

procured a fine gold mounted saber which was presented to him in a neat speech. It is needless to say that he prizes it very highly. While the colonel was held in high esteem by the officers of the regiment he was held in the very highest respect by the enlisted men. He fully understood that the men composing his command were of the best that Iowa afforded. The men seconded his efforts to maintain a high standard of efficiency.

Not only was the 49th noted for its efficiency in all duties but it also had established a record for the good conduct of its members. The records of the provost marshal prove that this regiment made the best showing of any organization of the 7th army corps. So excellent was the record that it attracted the notice of officers of high rank in the regular army. At least one general pronounced the 49th to be the best volunteer regiment, in all things, except as to conduct, and in that respect it surpassed both regular and volunteer, that he had ever seen.

Who of the 49th will ever forget the last night in camp? Few of the boys went to town. They gathered about the camp fires in the company streets and talked over the scenes of the past year. The reminiscences had placed all in proper frame of mind to appreciate the most beautiful of all bugle calls, taps. It was an expert who handled the bugle that night and his whole soul seemed to be in his work. Every voice was stilled at the first note, and when the last one had sounded the clapping of hands, throughout the entire regiment, was the only applause. None obeyed the summons to bed, but long into the starry

night the forms of the men of the 49th remained by the camp-fires, alone with themselves and their thoughts.

Next morning the blankets were rolled for the last time and stowed away in the trunks and boxes. Soon after breakfast the mustering out began. Each company was taken to the place of muster out. The companies were formed in order of rank, the privates in alphabetical order. As the names were called each man answered "here" for the last time as soldiers and took his place in a new line. Lieutenant Parker made each company a little speech in which he paid the highest possible compliment when he said that when he should get another bar on his straps he would ask for no better men to command.

As soon as the mustering officer was through with us we were marched to the building where the paymasters were located and there received our pay and discharges. As soon as we stepped out of the building we were beset by a horde of fakers who had every imaginable article of sale. After fighting ourselves through the throng we hastened to the city, where we got our dinners at hotels and restaurants. Our trains were to leave about three o'clock. We bade goodbye to Savannah with considerable reluctance and left between three and four o'clock. Sunday morning found us in Chattanooga and by night we were at Lexington, Kentucky, and we took breakfast at Indianapolis Monday morning. We arrived in Chicago about noon and remained there until after midnight.

Of our arrival and reception in Iowa on Tuesday, May 16, 1899, nothing need be said with the view of imparting any

news. What occurred is well known. All of northeast Iowa were gathered at the home stations of the different companies where "something was doing." With blare of trumpets, with stirring strains of patriotic music, with the stars and stripes brightening the heavens, with praises of speech, with the loving ten-

derness of the mother's embrace, with the sparkle in the sweetheart's eye, and at banquet board, was the boy in blue welcomed home. When the sun next arose it cast its warming rays upon peaceful scenes, and the soldier of yesterday had become the citizen of today.

[Ended.]

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